BEHIND THE SCENES WITH MAJOR BOWES AND HIS AMATEURS by Clara Berange

NOV 9,
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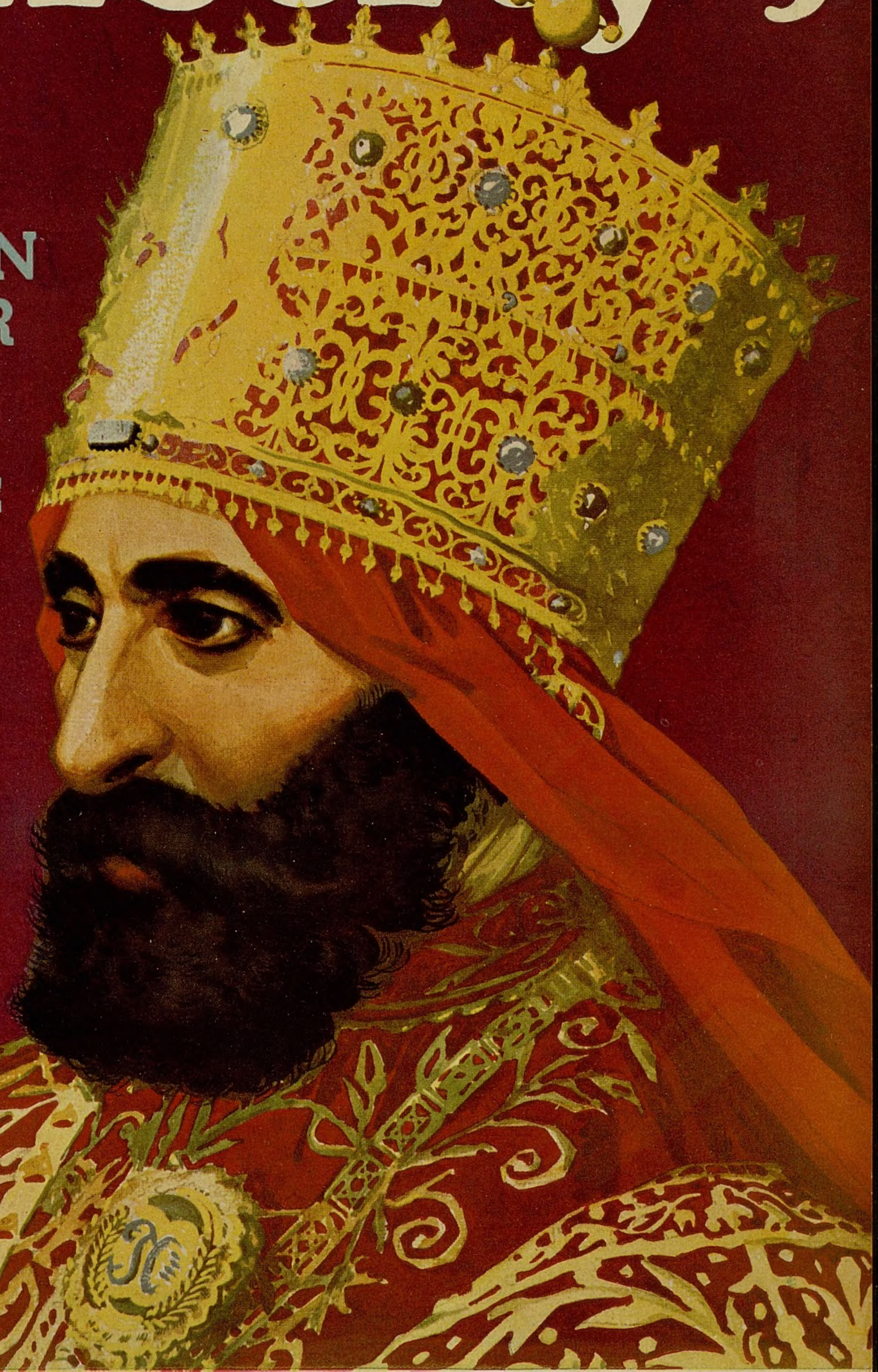

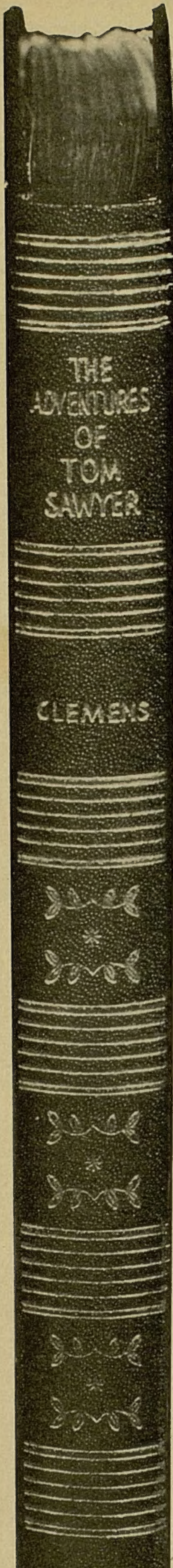

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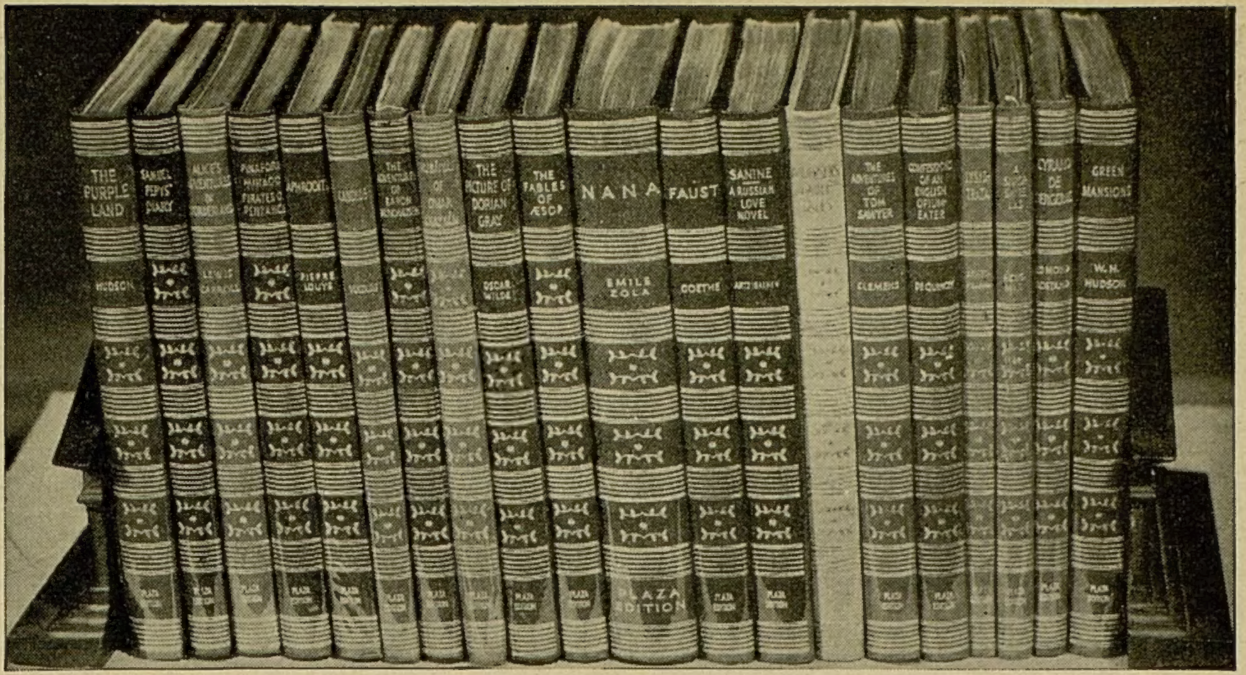

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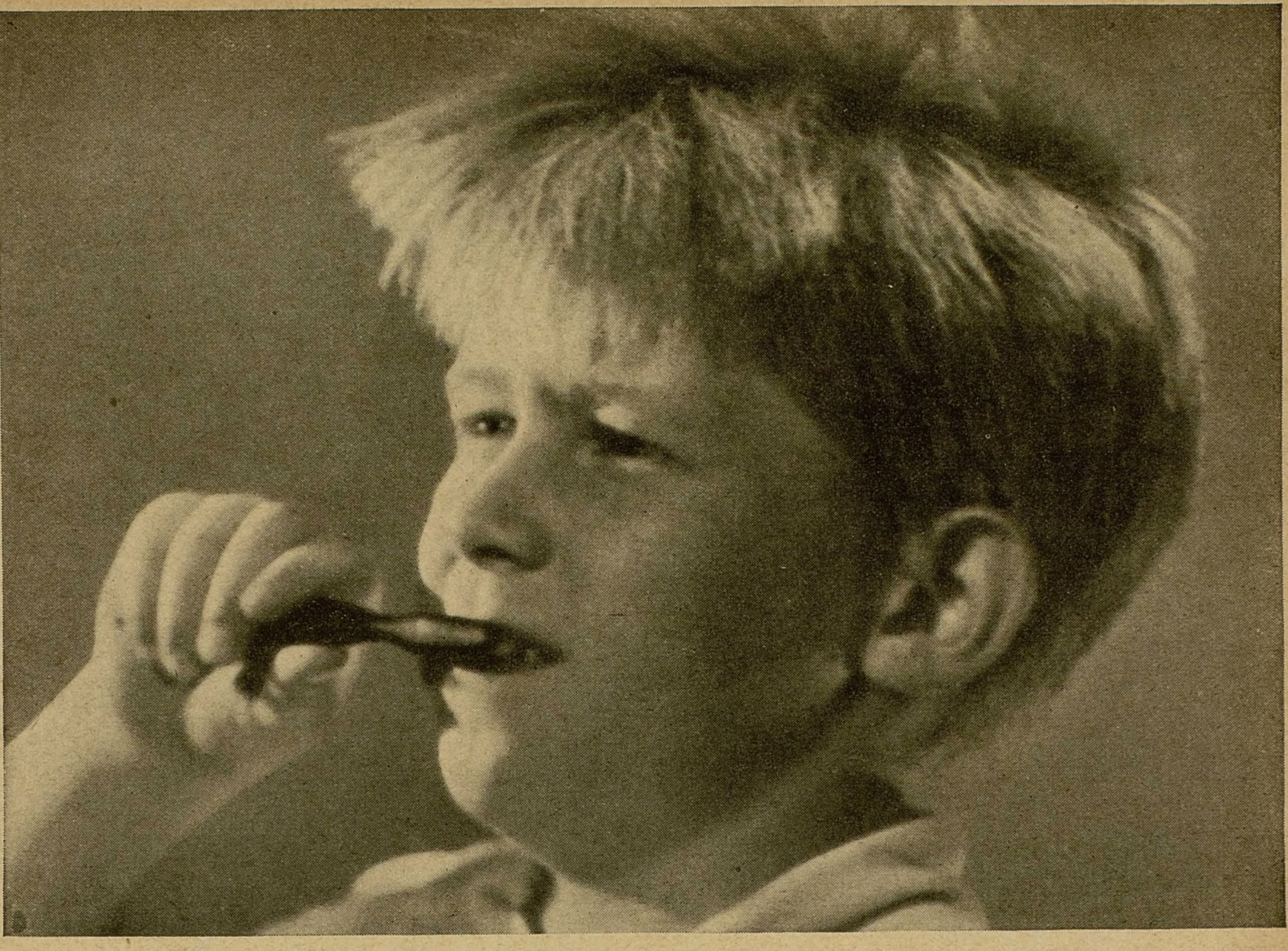

An All-American Guard of 1950 can't afford to neglect his Teeth and Gums

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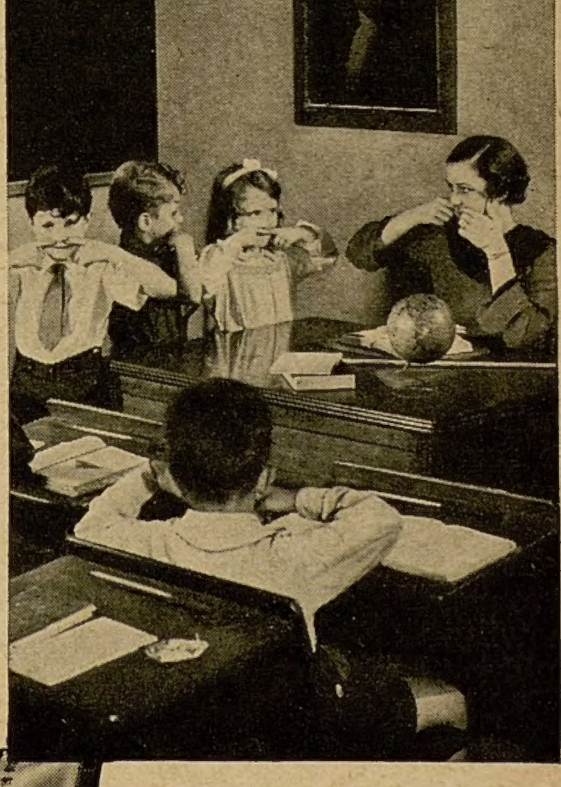

- Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

NOVEMBER 9, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 45

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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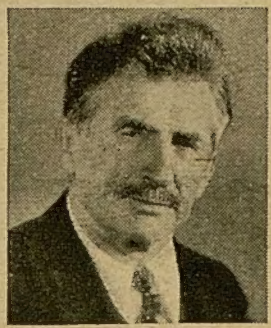
Unemployment Relief a Great National Tragedy



BERNARR MACFADDEN

NEVER before in the history of this country have we faced such a disgraceful condition as that which is everywhere apparent in our relief programs.

The national government has a colossal task in handling these emergencies from headquarters at Washington. It would require the intelligence of the Almighty to avoid making costly mistakes.

And the extremely efficient efforts of Harry L. Hopkins, who is trying to replace the dole with work, will hardly make much more than a dent in this deplorable situation.

With the prolonged continuance of the dole we have destroyed the morale and taken away the self-respect of millions upon millions of our citizens.

Self-reliance is in the discard, and many of these victims will never be the same again. The dole was a most serious blunder from the beginning. It was the easiest way out for a harassed Executive, and the administration's efforts to handle the huge accumulation of demands for relief were not intelligently guided.

The promise of the President that nobody should go hungry could have been carried out effectively without Washington red tape.

Every community, when the officials found that it was impossible for them to meet the demands made upon them for unemployment relief, should have borrowed the money, preferably from its own state, which could have been loaned funds by the Washington government if necessary, thus making every state responsible for its citizens.

This policy would have made each town, city, and community responsible for its own relief. The officials appointed could have been prominent citizens who would have refused payment for their services, and they would have realized the need of economy, knowing that every dollar spent that could not be secured in their own town would have to be borrowed. As to the time that it should be paid, that would have been unimportant. And the probabilities are that if this procedure had been adhered to, the amount of money used for relief would have been reduced from 50 to 75 per cent and the money would have been spent more wisely.

The officials of every community would have realized the need for being economical and would not have handed out money wastefully and would not have given out doles that in many cases were greater than had ever been previously earned by those who received them. Furthermore, extraordinary efforts would have been made to provide work of some kind for those who received the dole payments.

Then at least these unfortunate people could have retained their self-respect; they would not feel like paupers.

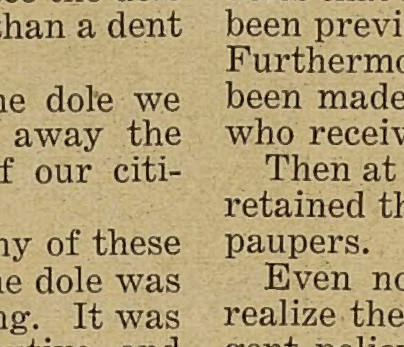
Even now it is not too late for Washington to realize the advantages of following such an intelligent policy. Unless it is their desire to bankrupt the national government, such a procedure will have to be adopted finally. And if relief measures had been intelligently guided such a policy would have been followed in the first instance.

It has been rumored that there were political objects in mind when the Washington administration insisted on controlling relief expenditures. In fact, the statement has been made that one of the reasons for the free use of Washington money was due to the demand of a few politicians throughout the country who saw the possibilities of easy graft in the huge sums of money being handed out from national sources.

Other statements have been made to the effect that Washington was afraid to trust local officials with these huge sums.

But if the local officials had been compelled to borrow this money from their own state, or perhaps indirectly from Washington, there would have been less chance for thieving than there has been.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.



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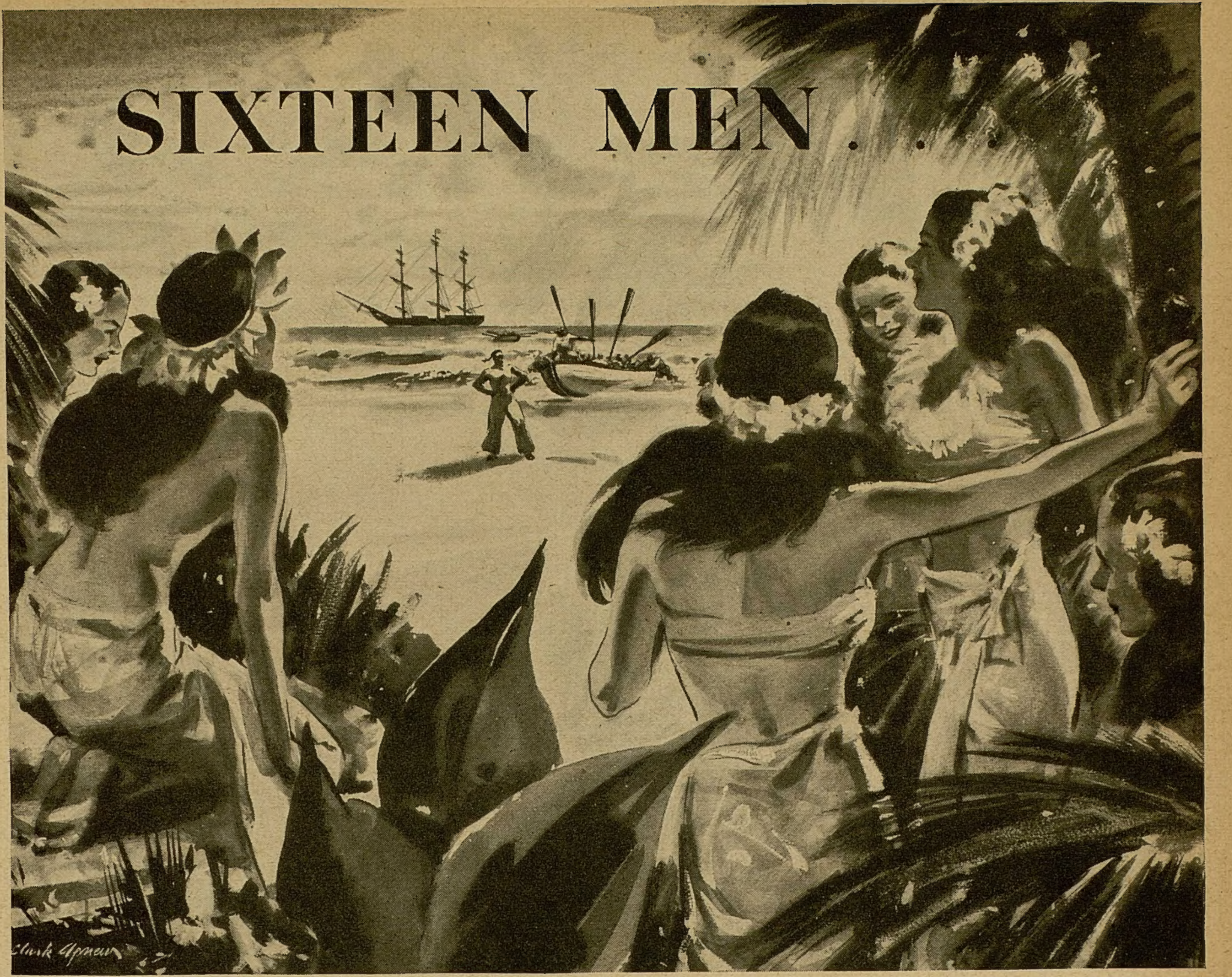
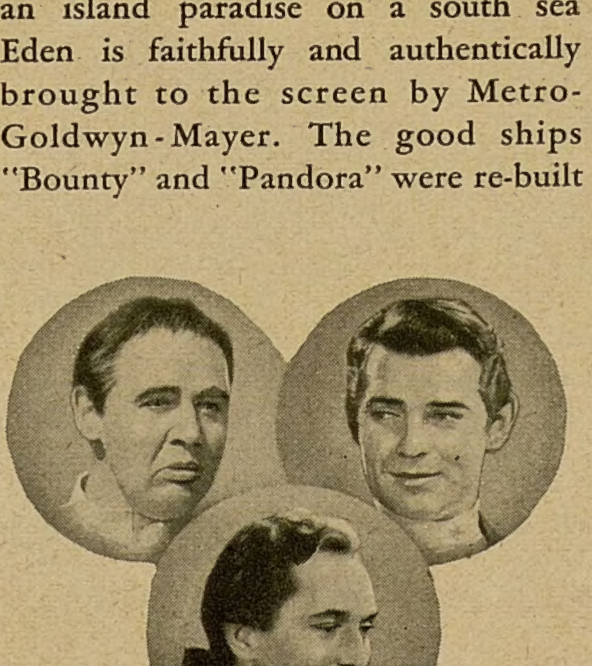
SIXTEEN MEN . . .



FROM the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle... From the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness... came sixteen men from the "Bounty", the ship whose voyage of terror wrote a red page in maritime history. Its damning record lay forgotten in the dust-covered archives of the British Museum until Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall penned the novel that thrilled more than 25,000,000 readers. Now the story of the "Bounty's" reckless, devil-may-care crew, who broke every law of the seven seas to found an island paradise on a south sea Eden is faithfully and authentically brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The good ships "Bounty" and "Pandora" were re-built from original plans loaned by the British Admiralty. On Catalina Island, picturesque Portsmouth Harbor was re-created exactly as it was in 1787 when the "Bounty" embarked on her historic voyage. Producer Irving Thalberg sent Director Frank Lloyd and an M-G-M production unit 14,000 miles to tropic waters to film scenes in the original locale. Six villages were erected; 5,000 natives, the total population of 40 villages, appeared in the Tahitian scenes.

Nearly two years in the making... produced at a cost of more than two million dollars, the saga of the "Mutiny on the Bounty" lives again!



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

A FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Charles LAUGHTON · Clark GABLE · Franchot TONE

with HERBERT MUNDIN · EDDIE QUILLAN · DUDLEY DIGGES · DONALD CRISP · ALBERT LEWIN, *Associate Producer*

THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA SENDS LIBERTY A MESSAGE

A Vivid Close-up of Fighting Chances and a Nation's Desperate Challenge—"We Will Sacrifice All for Freedom," Says Haile Selassie

by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

Liberty's Flying Correspondent in Ethiopia

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HAILE SELASSIE I, Emperor of Ethiopia, received me in private audience to give me the accompanying signed message and his autographed picture for the readers of Liberty.

His Majesty was cordial. As to his attitude toward Italy, his statement speaks for itself. He confirms what I have already told you: the will to victory is there.

Before discussing the possibility of an Ethiopian victory, I want to consider his objections to another of the Italian accusations of barbarism on the part of the whole people of Ethiopia.

This one has to do with slavery. Officially, slavery no longer exists. The slaves have been freed and in Addis Ababa there is a special school for their children to give them every opportunity in life. These school children wear a distinctive uniform and parade through the streets in company formation. That has given the Italians a chance to call the display "propaganda staged to camouflage continued slavery."

I think they are correct when they call it propaganda but wrong as to its object. Haile Selassie is entirely too intelligent a man to think that a nation can endure nowadays and countenance slavery. He is doing his best to stop it. The children's display is probably one way of calling attention to his efforts. It also helps the children, teaching them to be proud of their new status rather than ashamed of their old.

"H. S., King of Kings," he autographed this picture in Amharic. Below: His message, translated.

Communications in Ethiopia are poor; in many parts of the country they are nonexistent in the rainy season. That makes it impossible to check up on the occasional petty chief who winks at continued professional slave trading. Traders undoubtedly still buy girls—and an occasional man—and ship them across the Red Sea to Arabia. As to girls, the situation is doubly hard for the Emperor. They are mostly from Mohammedan families and the original sellers are usually their parents.

Many of the freed slaves don't want their freedom, and refuse it, preferring to remain with their masters. The necessity of competing with other free men for a living does not appeal to them. They feel that they are better off where they are.

So slavery is on the wane but dies hard. Considering the handicaps, I think Haile Selassie has done well.

Now as to the military outlook:

None of the eastern approaches to Ethiopia is obstructed by jungles. There is bush country, plenty of it, and that can be just as

CONQUERING LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH

HAILE SELASSIE I

ELECT OF GOD KING OF KINGS OF ETHIOPIA

For Liberty

In the conflict with Italy, Ethiopia is conscious of having fulfilled all the international obligations resulting from our special treaty with Italy, as well as from the multilateral treaties to which we are parties and which constitute the fundamental basis of public international law.

Notwithstanding the fact that our adversary who seeks to possess Ethiopia has frequently insulted her and called her a barbarous nation, Ethiopia has unceasingly prosecuted efforts to compel the fulfillment of international obligations by her reluctant opponent, and has observed throughout the conflict a policy of conciliation which has demonstrated our steadfast attachment to the cause of peace, despite the belligerent disposition, military preparations, and avowed intention of our neighbor to initiate a war of conquest.

Peace is indispensable to Ethiopia in order that our people may be conducted along the way of progress. We hope that the statesmen of the great nations who preside over the destinies of the world will not permit that an unjust and destructive war be waged in Ethiopia and undo all that has been done in recent years in the way of modernization.

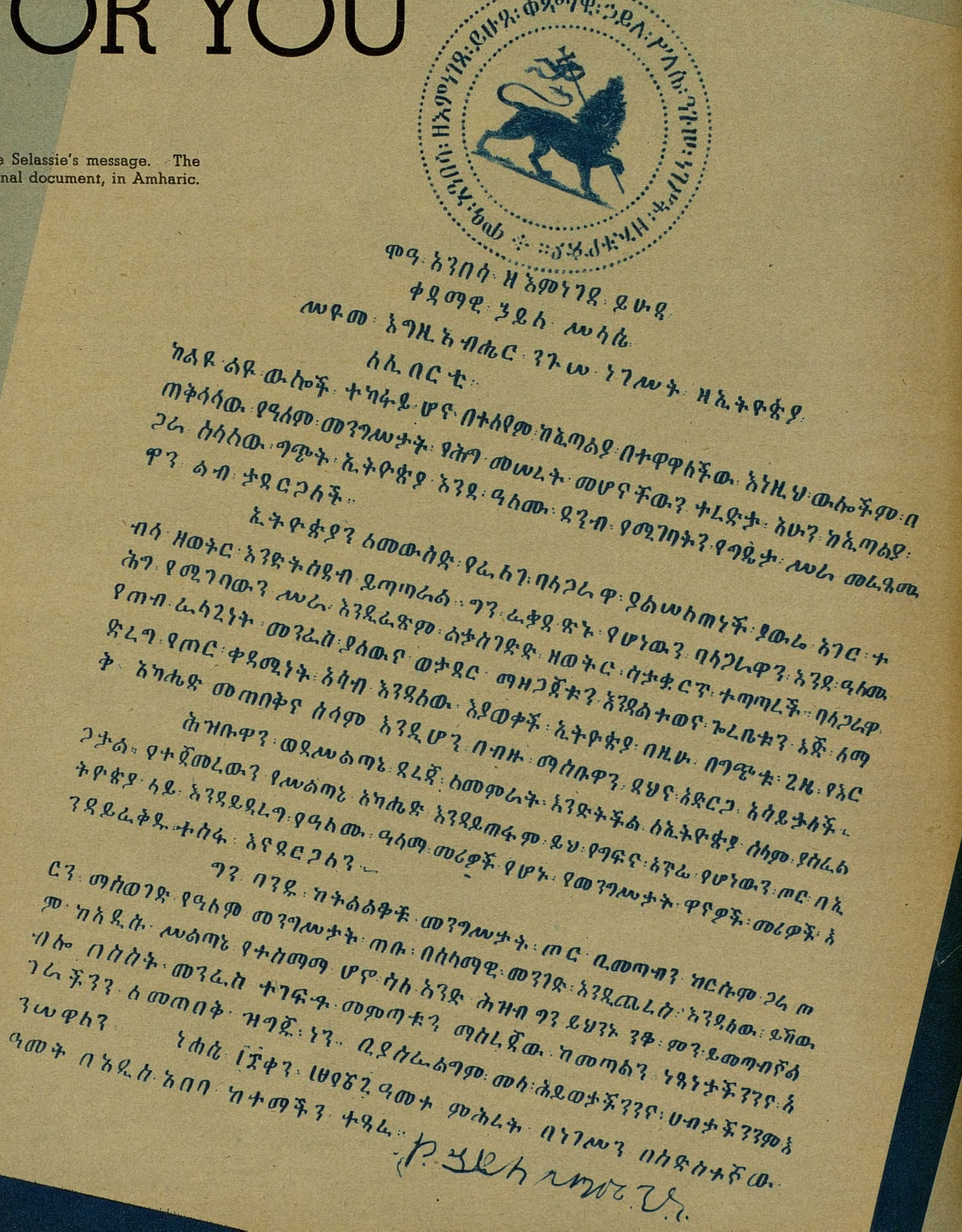
But if war must be brought to us by one of the great nations, and with it the proof that the methods evolved and accepted by modern civilization to insure the peaceful settlement of international disputes and to prevent war may be disregarded with impunity by any nation when to do so serves its own selfish purpose, we are determined to defend our freedom and our territory and to sacrifice if necessary all our resources of human lives and property.

Written at our capital of Addis Ababa.

(Signed) HAILE SELASSIE I, KING OF KINGS.

ETHIOPIA GIVES FOR YOU

Haile Selassie's message. The original document, in Amharic.



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nasty. In those districts drinking water is scarce in the dry season—the only time when military operations are possible—and the small amount of water is strongly impregnated with calcium sulphate, which is almost certain to give any one who drinks it diarrhea. The plains are covered with coarse grass five feet high, making bushwhacking tactics easy. Farther west, the Amhara plateau rises. The valley floors are 8,000 feet high; the peaks run up to 15,000. The plateau is roughly 700 by 500 miles. It is crossed by three rivers: the Tug Fafan, the Webi Shebeli, and the Juba.

At this writing the Italians seem certain to stage one attack at Adowa in the northern province of Tigré. It was there that the mutilation of Italian prisoners took place in 1896; they have neither forgotten nor forgiven. To avoid the Danakil Depression, a plane of salt with a daily temperature of 155°, any attack on Adowa has to pass to the west. That means crossing the gorge—2,500 feet deep in places—of the Mareb River. This time the Italians know all these things before attacking.

Freed slaves' children in their uniform parade from their school in Addis Ababa.

Ras Seyoum—the same who is reported to have threatened mutilation in reprisal for Italian poison gas—will defend Adowa unless he is superseded. At this writing he already has 30,000 to 50,000 troops in the Tigré. But "troops" in Ethiopia may mean almost anything; aside from the Emperor's bodyguard, most of them are irregulars who answer the call of the nearest chief.

These may go to war with their wives and camp followers—which doesn't mean that they can't fight.

All attacks will have Addis Ababa as their ultimate objective. Besides the moral effect of capturing the capital, Addis Ababa is an ideal base from which to sweep the country in cleaning-up operations.

There is practically no communication between the Eritrean and the Somaliland fronts. If the Italians shift their troops by sea they can probably do it more quickly than the Ethiopians can duplicate the move overland.

Ethiopian airplanes are few. There is considerable secrecy about them, but the sources of my information are excellent. There are only about a dozen planes here in Addis Ababa and probably not more than sixteen in the country. They are either obsolete or not military types, and aside from some pilots who have come here claiming that they can win the war, no aviator expects to use them for aerial combat. They can be used for transport, to carry messages, to evacuate the wounded, etc.

THE flying field at Addis Ababa is about 8,000 feet above sea level. The air is thin; planes need a long take-off and they land like a streamlined brick. It is difficult to get them into the air heavily loaded. The high altitude will also severely handicap the attacking Italian planes. They will have their troubles carrying a full military load, including fuel, bombs, guns, and crew, high enough to get here and do any damage.

To bomb Addis Ababa from the Italian bases in Eritrea means a flight of 400 to 450 miles. Many military observers here say it can't be done. I know better.

By following valley routes, approximately two thirds of the distance can be flown at low altitudes. By the time a bomber has gone that far it will have used considerable gasoline and will no longer be fully loaded. That will be some help in gaining altitude, and if necessary the planes can fly with slightly less than capacity bomb loads. Good airplanes with good military pilots can do it.

Besides, if the ground forces penetrate Ethiopia, there are numerous natural bases not 400 miles from Addis Ababa nor anything like it.

There are some antiaircraft guns in the country. Whether the Ethiopians know how to use them, no one knows. There is little of value in Addis Ababa or elsewhere for bombs to destroy; no great factories, mills, or power dams. The houses are so scattered that bombs could not damage more than one at a time.

The moral effect of airplane attacks on the great mass of the Ethiopians will be great. But in Addis Ababa, where the Italians would like their planes to make the greatest impression, they will make the least. There the people are used to airplanes flying over the city—though they aren't used to airplanes that lay eggs.

It is impossible to get any official information about Ethiopian gun and ammunition supply. But I have been quietly investigating. Here are the results:

Despite all embargoes, guns and ammunition are being smuggled in. There is an ex-German officer at Jidda in Arabia who deals in Mauser rifles and machine guns of assorted makes. The agents of two gunrunners (I know of two; there may be more) buy the guns and load them on boats. They steal down the Red Sea and sneak through the straits in the dead of night. They smuggle their contraband ashore at Obok, French Somaliland.

In Obok the real runners, two Czechs, meet the shipment. They load the guns on camels, and the trek across the desert and over the Ethiopian frontier begins. The two runners ride ahead on motorcycles; their eyes are peeled for traps and their pockets bulge with cash. They are ready to run or bribe, whichever may seem best.

The guns finally arrive at Dire Dawa, Ethiopia, and are sold—whether to the government or to individuals I can't find out. It makes little difference.

No one knows for certain how much ammunition is here. One Ethiopian officer boasted of twenty million rounds of small-arms cartridges. *Remember that he considered this an enormous total; he was proud of it.*

Let's suppose he is right and see just what twenty million rounds amounts to. All the major nations have found it almost imperative that all the rifles and machine guns in an army take identical ammunition. Otherwise soldiers may receive cartridges which do not fit their weapons and hopeless confusion may result.

In Ethiopia the Emperor's bodyguard and the first-line troops have identical *rifles;* but the machine guns require two additional types of cartridges. Then, among the gendarmerie, guards, and military police, the variety is endless. Most of them will have to go to war with the

Acme photo

Ras Mulugata, Ethiopian War Minister, discusses the outlook with Mr. Collings.

few cartridges they happen to own personally as their entire supply.

However, I am going for a moment to assume the impossible—that the entire twenty million rounds will fit any gun in the country. What then?

Military efficiency requires long hours of target practice. In the United States every recruit in the army or the marine corps must spend at least two weeks firing on the rifle range before he is allowed to do duty with the troops. He repeats that period of practice at least once a year, each time firing about seventy rounds a day for ten days. But let's say it rained on two days and base our figures, ultraconservatively, on an average of eight. *It has required 560 rounds of ammunition to make a recruit into something resembling a soldier.*

Compare that with the Ethiopian supply and the supposed size of the army. Twenty million rounds divided among 150,000 soldiers gives 133 cartridges per soldier *—less than a quarter of the minimum for annual target practice in the United States, with not a bullet left over to fire at the Italians.*

I QUESTIONED another Ethiopian officer. "You must remember," he said, "that the Ethiopians are natural shots. Most of them have been shooting all their lives." I had my doubts about that "natural shot" business, and I checked with several professional big-game hunters who have had ample opportunity to watch the Ethiopians shoot. One hunter put the opinion of them all briefly.

"Most Ethiopians," he said, "are rotten shots. Don't let any one tell you differently."

I dropped in to see my officer acquaintance again. This chap has had exceptional advantages. He is a graduate of a foreign military school and is considered an expert; he gives rifle instruction on the range. I borrowed an American Springfield rifle and carried it along. Quite casually I took it out of the case and showed it to him, stretching prone on the floor and demonstrating the American shooting position. I cocked the rifle and squeezed the trigger. Then I invited him to do likewise and see if he approved of its action. No soldier can resist an opportunity to inspect a good gun. He accepted.

I was watching for the one thing which is elementary in accurate rifle shooting; all military men know it, or should. You must hold a rifle firmly and slowly *squeeze* the trigger. A trained shot will do that every time, instinctively. To *snap* a trigger usually means to miss the target clean; no experienced marksman would do it even with an empty gun.

The officer got into shooting position; he was awkward about it, but that might be only the strangeness of the rifle. I watched his hand and trigger finger intently. He *snapped* the trigger with a convulsive jerk; the muzzle of the gun wobbled enough to miss a barn door at a hundred feet. I wasn't sure yet. I urged him to try it again. He did, a dozen or more times. Each time he snapped the trigger and the rifle wobbled.

Next I persuaded an Ethiopian private, a veteran of the Emperor's bodyguard, to pose in shooting position. He thought I wanted to take his picture. His rifle was modern; it was equipped with a perfectly good sling, or strap. These slings are convenient when carrying the rifle across the back, but are far more important as an aid to accurate shooting. All American soldiers know that winding the sling around the forearm braces the rifle and improves the aim immensely. The Ethiopian didn't use the sling. I asked him if he ever did. "No," he said; "that is to carry the gun—it is only in the way when I shoot."

I am not guessing; I am positive when I say that neither that supposedly expert officer nor that average private can shoot when judged by American standards. But then, our standards are the highest in the world.

IF all this sounds hopeless for the Ethiopian cause, remember that a trained observer will see faults in any army, and so far I have only seen the Ethiopians. The Italians may not be faultless either.

Furthermore, the Ethiopians will be fighting in their own back yard—and what a yard it is! They will turn every gorge and crevice into an advantage. The terrific heat that impedes the Italians will be old stuff to them. There will be times when they can relax; there will be no rest for the Italians. Except in large bodies, they will be afraid to sleep; every woman and child will be waiting to knife them—and a woman can cut a throat just as effectively as a man. These things and the susceptibility of white men to tropical diseases may outweigh all the other factors combined. The Ethiopians think they will.

Ethiopians have great faith in God. Reminded that "God is always on the side of the heavy battalions," Lorenzo Taezaz, government spokesman, replied, "That has never been the case in Ethiopia, and even Napoleon, who is supposed to have said that, died in lonely exile."

It all seems like a gigantic question mark, and I don't like a draw decision any better than any one else does. I will give you my honest opinion—a professional opinion, impersonal and unbiased:

I believe that trained bush fighters, such as American soldiers were at the end of the Philippine insurrection, or such as the United States marines always are, could conquer Ethiopia—eventually. In bush warfare troops are inevitably split into small detachments. Every sergeant and corporal, every private, must be trained to think for himself—or die.

That, and the airplanes, will tell the story. If the Italians are that kind of troops, and the airplane turns out to be as effective a weapon as they think it will, they can do it. Otherwise they can't.

But before we ever get too sure they can, let's read the last sentence of the Emperor's message again:

"We are determined to defend our freedom and our territory and to sacrifice if necessary all our resources of human lives and property."

I can think of a lot of things I'd rather do than fight a people who feel like that about it.

Mr. Collings's observations in the theater of war in Ethiopia will be published in Liberty as received from him. As this issue goes to press, Adowa has fallen to the invading Italians after bombings by their aviators.

DARK ENCHANTRESS

by WILLIAM DuBOIS

AN INVITATION TO A THRILL. WAIT UNTIL MIDNIGHT ON HALLOWEEN. SIT BEFORE THE FIRE. READ THIS STORY. THEN—SLEEP IF YOU CAN!

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

YOU'LL remember that bar if you ever crossed on the old Oceanic. Yes, I know she's rotting now in Gravesend Bay; but in her good days she had a kind of gloomy grandeur you miss on these slick chromium liners. The bar summed her up. You'll hunt a long ways before you find a bar like hers in these days of alexanders and pink ladies. It was a man's bar, built for serious drinking and the thoughtful contemplation of the two plump nudes on either wall. These hefty odalisques were well lighted, but the bar itself, full of a dark mahogany sheen, was dim and restful. General Grant wouldn't have been out of place at its rail. (I'm getting anachronistic, but you know what I mean.)

The crossing I made last year turned out to be one of the slimmest they ever had. We'd run into a blow just before dark and the seas were piling up by the minute. My two dozen fellow passengers must have decided to stick to their bunks that evening, for I give you my word, when I came out of my cabin around six, there wasn't a soul stirring the whole length of A deck, only a few stewards asleep on their feet in the lounge. Even the lone gent at the bar looked like a wax dummy left over from the Eden Musée.

I don't know when I've seen any one as pale as that solitary barfly. Funny, too; he seemed in perfect condition, like a boxer who had done all of his training in a mine. At first I thought he might be a con man or a broken-down actor. Then I got a good side view of his face as I came up to the bar beside him. A clean-cut American face. I wouldn't have given him a day over twenty-four, or any job outside of spending his father's money. Young fellow, I thought, you've no business here on this old crate; you should be doing your drinking on Fifty-second Street this minute, or maybe saving a debutante from the Miami surf. Guess I'll buy you a drink and find out why you're stuck on this dead crossing.

Yes, he said, he'd be happy to join me. Funny voice, too: pale and far-away; a lonely kid voice, I thought, aching to be heard all day and not knowing how to start. So I told the barman gin-and-bitters.

"Two, sir?" asked the limey, as though he hadn't heard me right.

"The gentleman beside me is not a prohibitionist," I said. "We've had repeal in the States for some time now, Adolph. *Two* gin-and-bitters."

"Very good, sir," said the barman. And, giving me a very odd smile, he reached fast for the angostura.

"Maybe he thinks you're under age," I told the kid.

"I'm twenty-five."

"This your first crossing?"

"No," he said, watching the barman. "I wish it were."

We smacked a big wave, and the ship took it with a shudder, then a long creak of woodwork. The glasses slithered, and some of his drink sloshed over. He lifted his head and smiled, so that I saw his eyes for the first time: sea-gray, and dead as the eyes of a shark in an aquarium.

"Feel her take that bump?" he said. "She didn't use to screech like that on her third voyage. Not even in a real storm. We had plenty of bad weather that crossing, too. I used to live in this bar till night."

I just looked at him.

The Oceanic had sailed from Southampton, a maiden, in July of 1913. So her third voyage couldn't have been later than September twenty-two years ago. And here he'd just said he was only twenty-five. Maybe this was going to turn into a gag; maybe I was supposed to play straight for a while.

"You mean they were serving you drinks in this bar at the age of three?"

"I was twenty-five then; I'm twenty-five now," he said, soft and dead-pan, as though he didn't give a damn whether I swallowed it whole or in pieces.

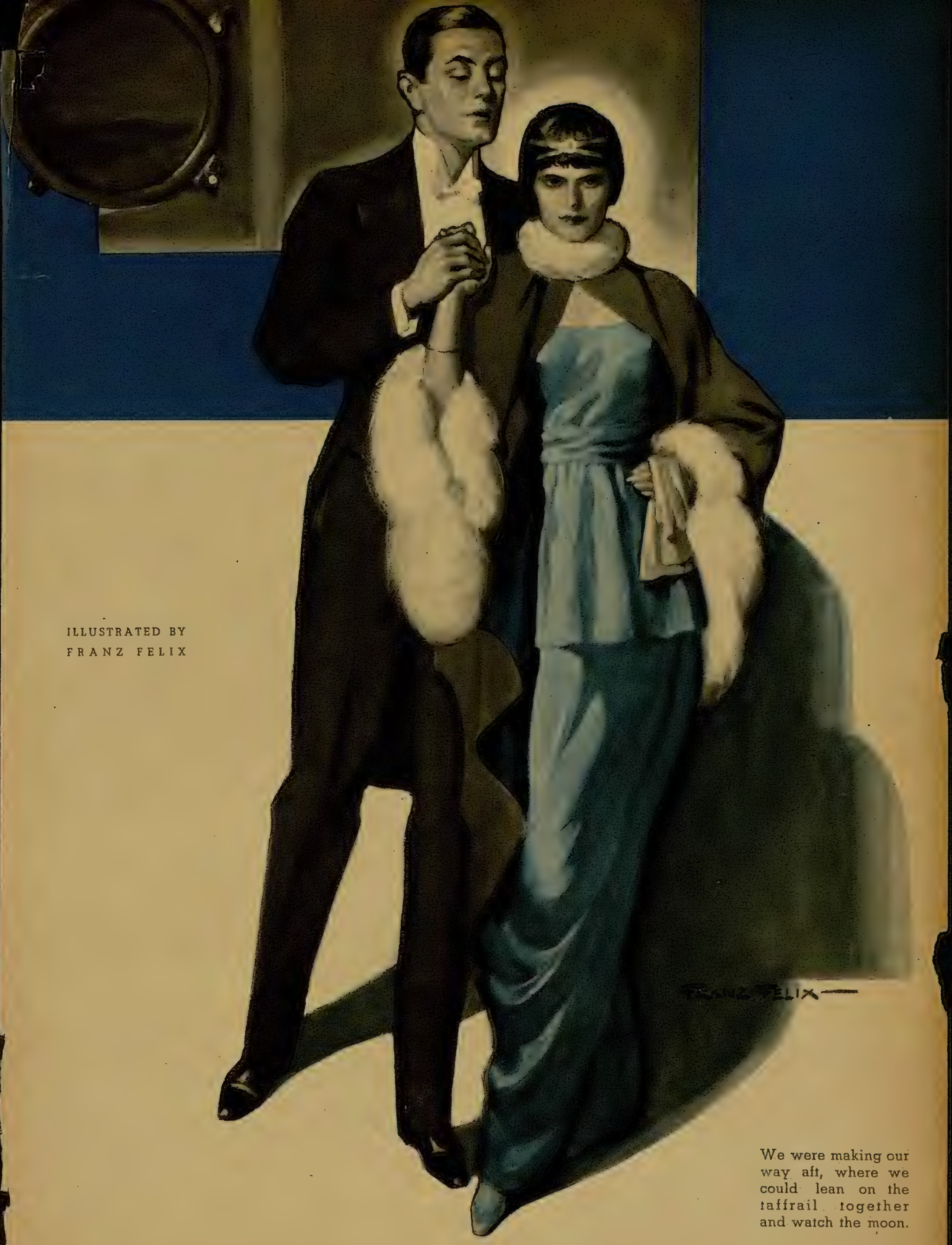
Nuts, drunk, or an awful liar—maybe all three. So what? So what the hell, I had to talk to some one till dinnertime, and the barman had already ducked into his cubby to polish glasses. I put down a good half of my drink and dead-panned right back at the kid. "Maybe you're Dorian Gray," I said. "Or d'you owe it all to face lifting?"

"I met a lady on that voyage," he said, as though it hooked up with my question.

"What kind of lady?"

"She was the Comtesse de Moisure," he said, pronouncing it beautifully. "I can say what I like about her—she's quite dead."

So she was. I remembered a few dim facts about her; you can't be twelve years on a newspaper without cluttering your memory with a little of everything. This particular countess wasn't French: she had been born out of a long line of flint-jaw New Englanders. You know: slavers in the '40s, bombproofs in the Civil War, and inhibited Midases in the '90s: inbred insanity, and bed-warmers in June. Mary Felicia was the last of her clan—ten millions in her name the day she came of age. During a decade she ran through that fortune and four husbands. Her last was the Comte de Moisure, who had died in Paris shortly before her own death, all this occurring right around the time of which we were speaking. I didn't recall the exact date of the countess's demise, or



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANZ FELIX

We were making our way aft, where we could lean on the taffrail together and watch the moon.

the circumstances—which was just as well, considering what the kid was going to tell me now.

Because this lady was the reason, all right—why he never got any older, I mean. He told it quite floridly, as a young man would who had discovered Swinburne and the French symbolists all in the same summer. I'll give you as much of his old-fashioned flourish as I can. But he never lost his far-off tone. As though this was a story he was fated to tell any one who would listen. As though he'd told it so often, I had ceased to have a special meaning for him.

WILLIAM DU BOIS *was born in Florida and started out to be a gentleman farmer. In college, however, he turned to writing, and while doing graduate work at Columbia, started to write plays. Pagan Lady was his first play produced and he was co-author of I Loved You Wednesday. He has been connected with a New York newspaper for the last seven years.*

When she came through the bar [he said] I was standing where you're standing now. In 1913 ladies didn't drink in bars; so the swish of her gown startled me even before I saw her face. Why should I attempt to describe her? Her sort of beauty died with the century, though its disturbing quality belonged to no era. Her face was as timeless, and as evil, as that of an old Roman empress.

I didn't recall seeing her before. It was a pleasant shock to find that such promise of excitement had escaped my eye. You see, I'd just completed my grand tour, and I felt there was little of the gentle art of love I didn't know. I had chalked up enough records to give me confidence. Until this lady burned and branded me with her first look.

You are a bit too young to remember the etiquette of romance as practiced in those days. Probably it is much simpler now, less prodigal of steps in the advance toward the ultimate objective, so I will not bore you with the details of our first evening together. Our chairs pushed close in the dimmest, most secluded spot on deck, we savored every moment. The white flame of her beauty licked at my senses, and our silences said all the things we dared not.

Then suddenly I was starting up and she was gone. How could I have dozed? I could not believe I had.

I cursed my stupidity at not insisting she give me her name; at least her cabin number. I didn't even know if she were married or single, traveling with friends or husband. In fact, the whole memory of the night swam in my head, a confused murmur of broken love speeches. I'm afraid those were mostly mine. I hardly remembered a thing she had said.

Next morning I looked at my face in the glass—and my heart really skipped a beat. For six weeks I had been swimming at Cannes; I had come aboard brown as an Indian. This morning I might have emerged from a lifetime in some oubliette. Was it possible that such a deep tan should vanish overnight? Could this paper-white face, these haggard eyes with their purple moons, be mine?

I stumbled to my bath. When I returned, my steward was pouring coffee. I questioned him cautiously, but it was obvious he had not seen her. There were almost nine hundred passengers aboard.

I scoured companionways, salons, corridors; I ranged from the steerage to the boat deck; like a phrenetic Sherlock, I peered into each face in the long row of deck chairs. She was not to be found.

I PULLED myself together at noon, after I had knocked on a dozen cabin doors at random, met with a dozen amazed stares from virtuous married ladies and gouty gentlemen. Perhaps I would find her sooner if I occupied my own chair on the promenade in the hour before the luncheon bugle. I sank among my rugs, watching all shipboard work up an appetite down the deck. And in five minutes I was dead to the world. When I opened my eyes, dusk was heavy on the sea; and it was the bugle for dinner, not luncheon, that roused me.

I started to my feet. If she had passed by and seen me thus—well, it must have been a picture not even Casanova could live down. And yet, my first feeling was much more elemental than shame. I must admit, most unromantically, a hunger more raging than any I had ever known. Thick soup, a double sirloin dripping red and rare, mounds of warm toast soaked in the gravy: these I wolfed, careless of manners, ignoring the fact that in the whole great dining saloon I was the only person not in formal attire.

When I had downed my Gargantuan repast, I threw discretion to the winds, called the maître d'hôtel to my table, describing the lady as well as I could and demanding her table number.

To my astonishment, he had no recollection of serving such a person thus far on the voyage. A similar inquiry at the purser's office produced no better result.

PERHAPS, I thought, she dined in her cabin. Or perhaps a message from her awaited me in my cabin now. However, I decided to pull the tattered remnants of my poise about me. I would drink three brandies in the bar before exploring farther.

It was quite dark (the three brandies had turned to six) when I weaved down the corridor to my stateroom. My steward was polishing shoes at the end of the corridor.

He had had no message for me since he went on duty. But she had promised to return to me, so perhaps she would be waiting for me in last night's rendezvous.

And so she was.

I had brought a corsage for her gown. Fresh roses at sea were a great novelty in those days.

As I pinned the flowers to her waist, she smiled her slow smile, saying one of the few things I remember word for word:

"You are very romantic to give me flowers. Flowers always die on me—flowers and young men's hearts."

I laughed outright—it might have been a line straight from Ouida.

But she did not return my gaiety. "Some day," she said, "you will wish you understood that remark better."

We talked a little. Or rather, I talked while she parried.

No, she would not tell me her name, nor where she was bound, nor her cabin number. Nor would she lunch with me tomorrow. Why was I so insistent on seeing her by daylight?

Of course I planned to follow her to her own cabin when she made her exit; smash down her mystery.

I had scarcely forty-eight hours left in which to solve her enigma. That night I came one step nearer—I had her name. Oh, by the merest accident, the most commonplace *carte d'identité* sewn under the lining of her long wrap, a precaution taken against theft in those days by the owners of original models. I noticed a broken thread in the lining when she carelessly tossed the wrap over a chair adjoining ours. We had pushed it farther from us and it stood within the beam of light from a salon window.

Hours later it seemed to me she had fallen asleep. I rose. She did not stir, so I lifted the cloak and broke a few threads more, turning back the silk to read this:

MARY FELICIA, COMTESSE DE MOISURE
7 Avenue Malakoff, Paris

Strange, is it not, how a man's whole destiny can be blasted by a bit of printed cloth no bigger than a laundry tag?

She did not rouse at my return to her side, and I too slept. When I woke she was gone. At my feet dead rose petals were stirring in the little breeze of dawn. That morning I lost no time in cornering the assistant purser with a request to see the passenger list. The name of Maria Felicia, Comtesse de Moisure, was not included. I felt like a reckless hun-

(Continued on page fourteen)

Plymouth Announces its New 1936 Car!

It's Lower—Longer—and Wider!
X 54724

40 Big New Improvements in Ride and Performance

IT'S HERE . . . the biggest, roomiest, most beautiful Plymouth we've ever built. The 1936 Plymouth is again America's most economical full-size car. Evidence shows 18 to 23 or more miles per gallon of gas.

Among more than 40 improvements, the big Plymouth frame is 100% more rigid . . . bodies are newly reinforced at five major points. This new car will take even more road-punishment than the sturdy 1935 Plymouth could.

Eleven new comfort features have been added to Plymouth's Floating Ride . . . seven and a half new inches of leg room (in the model shown above) . . . and two new inches of elbow and shoulder room.

The last trace of road-shock at the wheel has been removed by a new steering design. Handling this new Plymouth is going to delight you. Plymouth's brakes are 100% hydraulic . . . they stop you quick. It's the safest low-priced car!

See . . . and drive . . . and ride in the beautiful new Plymouth before you buy any new car today.

Any Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will gladly put a new Plymouth at
disposal . . . and also explain the off
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PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CO

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1. **ECONOMY**—All evidence indicates 18 to 23 miles per gallon of gas.
2. **SAFETY**—Plymouth's body is Safety Steel . . . Brakes are 100% hydraulic.
3. **RELIABILITY**—Of all low-priced car Plymouth has most long-life feature
4. **COMFORT**—Plymouth's Floating Ride plus 11 new comfort improvements

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CA

(Continued from page twelve)

ter, galloping full speed down a winding lane, who is suddenly confronted with a stone wall too high to leap. Then I smiled at my own stupidity. Naturally a countess would be traveling incognito. I pressed a respectably large bill into the assistant purser's hand. "Give me the name Comtesse de Moisure is using on this voyage," I said. "Believe me, it is of the utmost importance."

The assistant purser was a chunky Yorkshire man. I thought his whisky-blue eyes would jump from his head. "Beg pardon, sir, did you say the Countess de Moisure?"

"I did."

"You wouldn't be meanin' the countess we got in the hold?"

"I mean the lady whose Christian names are Mary Felicia, and whose Paris address is 7 Avenue Malakoff," I snapped. If this was a British joke, I intended to be too American to see the point.

The Yorkshire man did not abate his stare. "That's the party right enough, sir. But I should say she'll be needing no more incognitos."

"Why, then, is her name not on the passenger list?"

"Because she's dead, sir." And the fellow began to cackle like a crazy hen. His shoulders still heaved as he reached under his counter, handing me up a copy of the Tatler one week out of date.

"Would this be the person you are seeking, sir?"

I stood there, looking at her photo, under the caption NOTED BEAUTY DIES IN SCOTLAND. I saw on the smudged page before me the same proud head, the warm ivory skin, the flashing smile. Only, the Tatler said that same woman's body was being shipped back to America on the Oceanic, to be buried on a hillside in New Hampshire. (She died of an embolism on the estate of Sir Harold Tillman, near Gleneagles, the Tatler said. The Tatler might have added—but didn't—that Sir Harold had been Mary Felicia's last escapade, the direct cause of de Moisure's suicide in Paris a few weeks earlier.

To be sure, none of these thoughts were passing through my mind at that precise moment. In fact, my brain seemed paralyzed. Psychologists say it is impossible to stop thinking—and yet I could swear the tick of my consciousness stopped for a full minute, like a clock in a thunderstorm.

And then I was leaning on the rail of the hurricane deck, staring out across the great tranquil Newfoundland sea, watching the sun welter into a cloud bank.

And I thought: It is almost night now; almost time for her to come back to me. Even when she lies buried in the hard bosom of her New England hill she will come down the dark to feed upon my soul. I can have no desires but those she would satisfy. The wages of my sin will be a death-in-life more terrible than any hell of Dante. Even now I am becoming one of those pale creatures whose dwelling is the grave—one of those undead men who prowl by night, marked with the vampire's hollow fang, hers to bleed white beyond the day of judgment.

It was not quite dark. I went to the bar, which was full of paper hats and ribaldry, marking the night of the captain's dinner. And I stood for a long time among those gay drunken men, wondering if she was waiting for me now in our rendezvous, how soon she would think to seek me here. When at last I heard the whisper of her gown on the deck outside, I had made up my mind what to do.

How lovely she was in the soft wash of moonlight! How warm with promise! "You have not kept me waiting before," she whispered. "And tomorrow will be our last."

"I wonder if you really mean that," I said. We were on the boat deck now, passing by all the young couples who had escaped their chaperons, making our way aft, where we could lean on the taffrail together and watch the moon.

"So you wondered?" she said, so softly I could scarcely hear, though her lips were close to my face. "Surely you realize some one will be waiting for me with open arms." (And she laughed wildly, her white teeth flashing in the moonlight.)

"Perhaps they'll be disappointed," I answered, and I ran a quick arm about her. She did not speak, giving herself silently to my taut embrace. And so we stood for a long moment, the wake boiling directly below us as the great twin propellers thrust the ship on toward Nantucket Light.

"You poor boy," she said at last. "Perhaps I should have warned you."

"Yes, Comtesse de Moisure," I replied, tightening my grip round her waist. "I think it might have been fairer."

I might have succeeded had I not spoken her name. I even managed to swing half her body over the rail before the words aroused her. And then she was fury, not woman. A tiger fresh from the Bengal jungles would have been easier to drown. Yes, her hands were claws, driving deep into my arms, forcing them down. And her mouth closed like a tiger's maw above my windpipe.

I crashed back against a stanchion as she contemptuously released herself. From the corner of my eye I saw two junior officers coming toward us on the run. "I am not so easy to kill, my poor young friend," she said. "When you are willing to admit that, you can always find me." She was gone.

A great red pump of blood throbbed from my throat. Slowly I drew myself up along the rail until I was on my feet again. The two juniors got there just in time to see me go. Was it their cry, or my own, that rang in my ears as I struck the whirlpool around the propellers? Some day you'll learn how easy it is to die. . . .

I turned round fast when he said that. Only he wasn't there any more. The ship took a good long yaw right then, and the wind howled. His untouched glass upset completely, smashing against one of the General Grant cuspidors. And Adolph, thank God, came out of his cubby.

"Another, sir?"

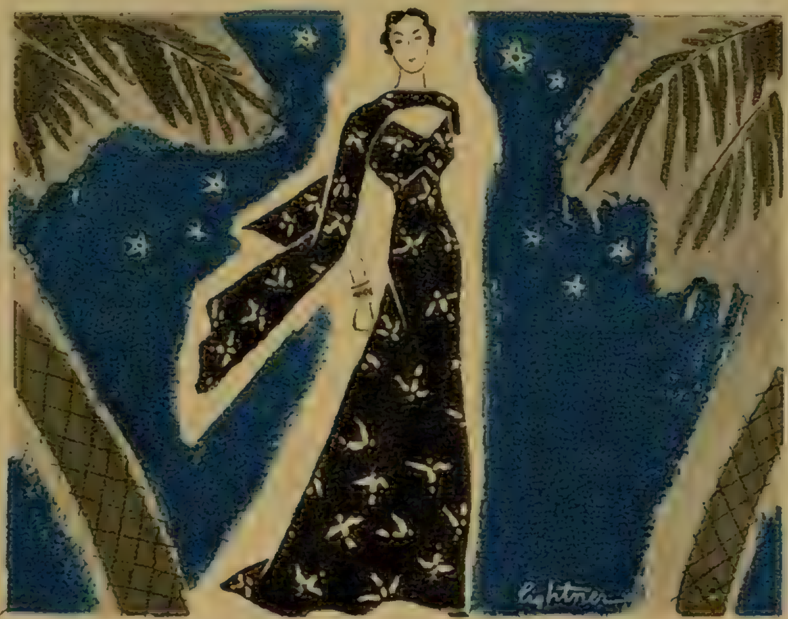
"Just one this time," I said. "I've been talking to myself enough tonight."

THE END

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Moygashel's new luminous linens, while not recommended for hiding in a hammock with a boy friend—they'll make you a standout anywhere—*will* fashion into the loveliest Palm Beach and Riviera evening gowns. They feature phosphorescent designs painted on supple linen grounds in every known color and are guaranteed to be uncrushable and washable. Bees, birds, and dragonflies are the favorite patterns, but you can have 'em painted to your own order if you want. Thus arrayed you'll shine like a little glowworm when you float down a palm-bordered path, rivaling moonlight, fireflies, or the gleam of phosphorescent tropical waves.

DORAMILLER.



Liberty
announces a thrilling
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★

OCCASIONALLY a magazine has the opportunity to present to its readers a feature of such power to arouse the interest and grip the imagination that it rises above the usual and becomes the subject of conversation from coast to coast.

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Beginning next week in this magazine, you are invited to read, and thrill to, a story plotted by a man whose name is a household word in every English-speaking country—a man whose time is so much in demand that you might never dream he would have even a moment to spare in story planning. Of course it was impossible for him to round out the finished story on his surprising plot. Other duties prevented.

Who would work out the detailed action and supply the colorful background to give the plot the completeness it deserved?

Liberty besought a group of your favorite authors to join their skill in the project. Each, enthused with the spirit of the undertaking, has outdone himself or herself in the task.

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By all means begin next week with the very first word of this tremendous literary scoop. The title, authors, and the man who prepared the plot are announced on the cover of next week's Liberty—on sale everywhere Wednesday, November 6. Don't miss it!

5c **Liberty**

A Weekly for Everybody

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH MAJOR BOWES

How the Genial Santa Claus of the Air Has Created Radio's Most Popular Program by the Simple Magic of Making Dreams Come True

by CLARA BERANGER

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AROUND the desk of Major Bowes in a busy Broadway office center the hopes and hidden longings of thousands of young people from all over the country. These young people are united in the common dream of finding congenial work through a talent heretofore hidden or expressed only for the enjoyment of friends.

When the Major conceived the plan of modernizing the old vaudeville "get the hook" amateur night into a radio hour, with a gong replacing the hook, he never dreamed of what would come of it. "I've always been sympathetic to aspiring youngsters who had difficulty in getting a start," he once told me, "so many of them come to me for advice. One day the thought occurred to me that if they could get a few minutes at the microphone, it might lead to a professional engagement."

Already the Major has formed four touring companies, each with about thirty of the successful amateurs who draw a minimum salary of fifty dollars a week.

Not long ago a dark-eyed dark-haired young woman stepped up to the microphone to sing. She gave her name as Mrs. Marguerite Ryan, her occupation as housewife. The Major sensed her nervousness. "All right, all right," he said gently. "Pull yourself together and I'll call you later."

When Marguerite Ryan was in control of herself she returned to the microphone and told her story. As a young girl she won high praise from teachers and became ambitious to be an operatic singer. But she gave up the idea of a career in order to marry. Gradually housework, a child, and a perpetual struggle to make both ends meet beat her down. When they finally had to go on relief, she had only one desire left—to go quietly off by herself and die. "Why not try singing on Major Bowes's hour?" a friend suggested, not too encouragingly.

So here she was at the Major's microphone, ready to sing *Depuis le jour* from the opera Louise.

"That's the opera that first made Mary Garden famous in Paris," said the Major.

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Ryan answered. "I've studied Mary Garden's records and learned a lot from her."

She now sang without a trace of nervousness in an exquisitely pure soprano. Above the din of applause came a feminine voice shouting "Bravo, bravo!"

It was Garden herself. She stepped quickly to the stage and with tears in her eyes congratulated Mrs. Ryan on her beautiful voice. "If you will come to see me," she said, "I'm sure I can do something for you."

But Mrs. Ryan does not need Mary Garden now. She is in one of the Major's touring companies, and a large part of the country has already had a chance to hear her.

Comedy too has a place on the Major's program. Eighteen-year-old Mary Perry, the "gigglingest" Negress who ever came out of the South, tried to sing without laughing. The Major noticed a gold tooth in the front of her mouth. "I'll bet you had a good tooth pulled just so you could buy a gold one."

Yessuh, Majah, dat's jes what I done," she giggled.

"If you ever save up enough money I'll bet you'll buy another gold tooth."

"No suh, Majah, my heart's set on a diamon'."

A few days later I happened to be in the Major's office when a small package came in the mail. "Look," he said. "Here's the diamond for Mary's tooth." A jeweler in Portland had heard the broadcast.

Mary will never stop laughing now. The number of votes she received gave her a place in Troupe Number Four and she has a large audience to dazzle with her diamond.

These Cinderella stories begin with a letter stating the age, occupation, and talent of the applicant for an audition. If he can beg or borrow the money he comes to New York by train; if not, he hitchhikes.

The Major hears but does not see the applicants. "I spend four days a week listening to them through the microphone," he told me. "I listen carefully and make my decisions, but not until Sunday night do I meet them face to face.

"Sometimes I make mistakes, and sometimes they are all right at the auditions but get scared at the actual broadcast. Then I have to strike the gong. I hate to do it. A man would have to be pretty hard-boiled not to mind inflicting the kind of misery he sees on the faces of these failures, but fortunately they are few compared to the successes."

The auditorium used by Major Bowes presents a strange sight. Sophisticated smartly gowned New York women and men in evening dress rub shoulders with simpler folk in every variety of informal costume.

On the stage sits the Major with the station announcer and the master of ceremonies. On another floor, in a long narrow room sit over a hundred operators ready to receive the telephoned votes. Before the hour is over thousands of calls have come in. These calls plus the votes that come by mail determine which four of the amateurs shall have the chance to go a-trouping in the Major's companies, or act in the movie shorts he is making at Astoria.

Occasionally a night-club manager or a movie scout will be listening in. If he hears a performance which sounds promising he may offer a private audition. This was done in the case of Doris Wester. She has a natural talent for speaking dramatically to music. One Sunday night she appeared before the Major's microphone. By Thursday she was première entertainer in the popular Rainbow Club, and she has been there ever since.

Eighteen-year-old Paul Regan has a gift for impersonations. "Why don't you go on the stage?" friends kept asking him. But Paul was one of a family of eight, and they needed whatever he could earn. He became a CCC worker near Boston.

Then one day he thought of Major Bowes's hour. He outlined his plan to his father. He would hitchhike to New York. "I'll give myself three days, Pop. If I don't get something by then, I'll come back."

He appeared on the Major's program Sunday night, and almost stopped the show by his impersonations of Will Rogers, Lionel Barrymore, and others. Those who

and HIS AMATEURS

Paul Regan, a boy from the CCC who made good on Major Bowes's program.

Doris Wester made so good that now she's a popular night club's headliner.

Gigglin' Mary Perry got a diamond for her tooth and became a trouper.

Mrs. Ryan's stifled ambition to be an operatic singer revived and won.

The Major with that gong of his. He hates having to strike it.

listened in could get the voice and laugh; but the audience saw a plastic face which without make-up could look like the man he was imitating.

The following Thursday he worked in a movie short. That night he flew to Baltimore, and Friday afternoon he appeared on the stage, making a hit.

What of Edward Bowes himself? Born in San Francisco of Irish parents, he earned his living at the age of ten writing and selling calling cards. Next he was office boy with a real-estate firm at three dollars a week. He slowly climbed by studying values and acquiring real estate.

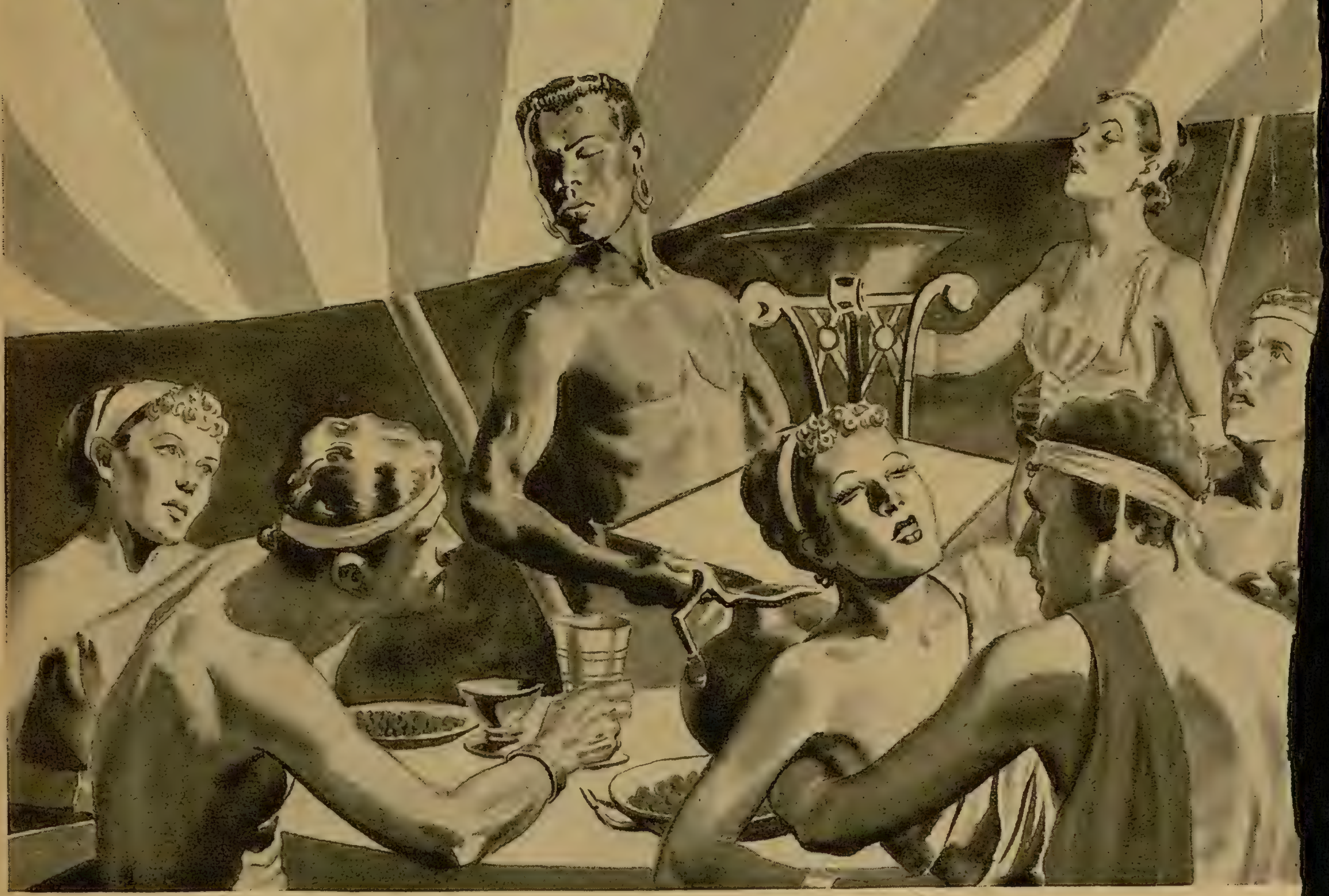
One morning he was awakened by a violent joggling—the earthquake of 1906, which, with the fire that followed, left little of his property.

Undaunted, he came to New York determined to build up another fortune. By way of the real-estate door he gained entrance to the world of the theater, where he met the lovely actress, Margaret Illington. Her death last year ended their twenty-five years of married happiness.

Major Bowes conceived, built, and operated the Capitol Theater. As far back as 1922 he ran the regular Sunday-morning Capitol Family broadcast. Today there are those who scoff at his Amateur Hour; but its increasing success—rated 15 per cent higher in public approval than any other program—proves that scoffing counts for nothing when measured against an honest appreciation of true human values.

THE END

TINSEL LADY



PART TWO—THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR

The Colorful Story of an American Star in the Folies-Bergere—with a Real-Life Heroine . . . Who Is She?

by

CHANNING POLLOCK

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ANN stared at Charlie Binns.

He stood very erect, with his big bony hands tightly gripped. "I like you terribly, Ann. And I got six hundred dollars. I ain't always going to be a grocer's boy. You could do worse, Ann."

She made no reply.

"You don't have to answer right away," Charlie said. "Go get your stuff. I'll bring the wagon around to the front door."

"Where'll we go?"

"You and your father can have my room for a while—you know, over the shop. I'll find some place. Monday you're gonna start in at that school, and if you ever make up your mind about what I asked you—"

Ann vanished into her cubbyhole. When she returned, he had gone. She lugged her suitcase into the main hall.

J. Benton Cutler came down the stairs.

"Come on, Ann," he said. "Let's get out of here."

He left Ann with her burden and strode through the front doorway.

Ann was about to follow, when the phone rang.

She lifted the receiver.

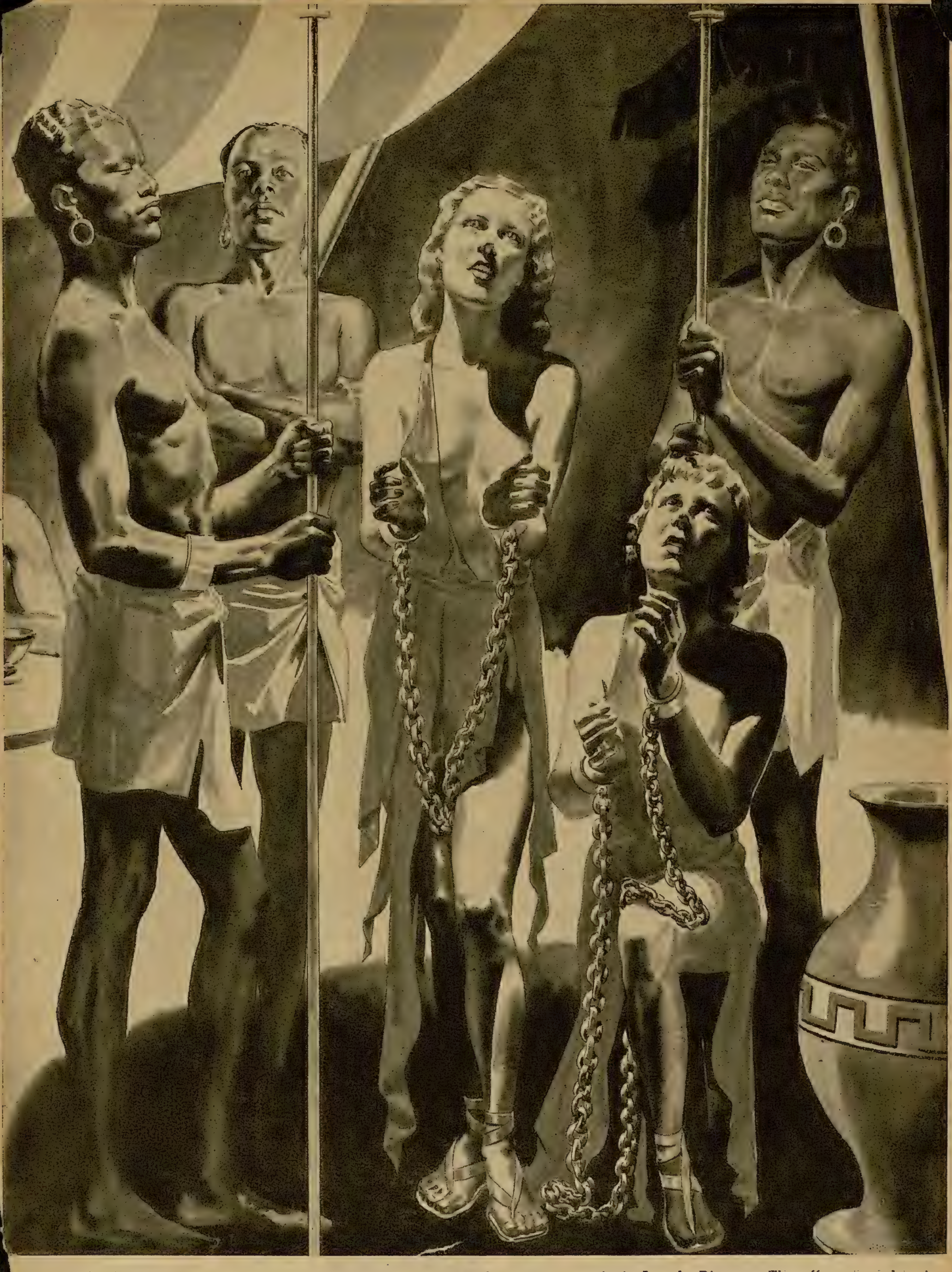
"Hello," she said in an undertone.

"Hello. Is that you, Ann?"

It was Roberta White's voice: "Come over here as fast as you can. To the theater, I mean. Right back on the stage. We're rehearsing. Ask for me. Hurry up, Ann, and, for God's sake, be ravishing!"

That dingy stage door in Washington—the first she had ever seen—was the portal through which Ann Cutler entered upon the path to fame, fortune, and the Folies-Bergère.

Ann waited for what seemed hours. At last Roberta appeared, in the most remarkable costume. Or, rather,



As the final curtain was falling, Ann and Roberta lifted their voices again in Lonely Rivers. The effect was electric.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

wasn't a costume, since it consisted of a silk waist open t the throat, a pair of very short bloomers, and nothing else. Ann colored a little, but an instant later forgot everything else in the arrival of a slim middle-aged man, coatless and with his shirt sleeves rolled up.

"Hello, Ann," Roberta greeted her, and then turned to her male companion. "This is the girl I was telling you about."

The man stared at her.

"Take off your hat," he ordered shortly but not unkindly.

Ann obeyed.

"Take off your coat."

She did so.

"You've never been on the stage?"

"No, sir."

"She's quick, though," Roberta cut in. "I can teach her a lot, and she's got a great voice."

"She's got a great bean," the man said. "It looks like the copper dome of the State Building in Boston. All right; get her into some practice clothes and we'll see what she can do."

He disappeared.

"That's Jerry Martin," Roberta explained. "He's our director. Come on; I'll lend you some working things."

They climbed two flights of stairs and went into a room the size and shape of a bowling alley. There were two long shelves with mirrors behind them and wooden chairs in front of them. Wearing apparel was scattered everywhere, and there were sticks of grease paint, and make-up boxes, and heaven knows what all over the two shelves. "Chorus dressing room," Roberta remarked. "They're all on the stage now. Just got through lunch. You'll get the job if you use your head, Ann. He's got to have somebody. One of the girls broke her ankle an hour ago."

She handed Ann a pair of trunks like her own.

"Get into those, quick now."

Ann turned scarlet.

After the convent, where one took off one's nearest-the-skin garments beneath a protecting nightgown, even with no one but the other children in the room! However, she mustn't be silly.

She didn't really feel immodest at all when she got on the stage, where the other girls were all just as scantily garbed. Moreover, no one paid any attention. Twelve *very* scantily garbed ponies were doing a dance step at the moment, and Mr. Martin was sitting gloomily in a wooden chair with his eyes fixed on their feet.

A few yards from Mr. Martin's right elbow was a piano, and at its keyboard an extremely stout gentleman with a bald head. He was playing what Ann thought a very pretty tune, and Mr. Martin stopped him at intervals to make remarks to the dancers. "My hands are tied!" he exclaimed once in a tone of anguish. "What can anybody do with a bunch of flat-foots? Dancers—good Lord! My hands are tied!"

"His hands are always tied," Roberta whispered. "Nobody pays any attention. It always comes out all right."

Roberta was in the chorus too. That surprised Ann, who had thought of her as a leading lady at the very least. It was thanks to Roberta, however, that Ann came safely through the three-hour ordeal. "O. K.," Mr. Martin said to her at five o'clock. "You'll learn. You've got a good ear, kid. Watch the show tonight from out front, and come back here tomorrow at ten."

Ann met a good many of the other girls while she was getting back into her own clothes, and liked most of them. Roberta hovered over her. "Hurry up, kid. We've got to get home for dinner and be back by half past seven."

"I can't go home," Ann said, and told Roberta all that had happened.

"Well, you come back with me, anyway. I'll pay your board for the rest of the week."

"Thanks," Ann replied. "I've got to see father. And Charlie. I didn't tell them anything. I don't know what father'll say."

J. Benton said a good deal. Sitting in Charlie's little room over the grocery store, he declared that he'd rather die than see a daughter of his in the chorus. It was Charlie, in fact, who finally silenced him. "You ain't going to help anybody by dying," he observed. "If you don't want Ann on the stage, you'd better live and get a job yourself. But until you've got one, you'd better let Ann take what *she* can get."

"It's my great chance," Ann said, almost tearfully.

"Sure it is," Charlie declared, proving that his confidence in his own future was no more truly prophetic than his forecast of Ann's. "Sure it is. I'll betcha she knocks their eye out, if you give her time. And if you don't, Ann, you know what I told you in the kitchen."

Prophet or not, Charlie was certainly the Rock of Gibraltar. He took them both to dine at a cheap restaurant, and then accompanied Ann back to Miss Cleopatra.

"What're they going to pay you?" he asked.

"Forty dollars."

"Forty dollars a month?"

"Forty dollars a week."

For the first time, in his secret soul, Charlie really approved of the venture.

"Roberta says that won't go far," Ann added. "You've got to pay all your expenses, you know, except traveling. Roberta says if you've got sense, though, and go to boardinghouses instead of hotels, you can save money for a rainy day. And Roberta says it rains most of the time in the show business."

For the first time Charlie approved of Roberta.

"I'm going to Philadelphia to see you next Monday when the show moves," he blurted.

"Oh, Charlie, will you?"

"Sure."

"It'll keep me from feeling altogether—lost."

"Shall I bring your father?"

"Maybe you'd better not. I'm going to send for him, of course, as soon as I'm sure of my job. And I'll send him money regularly."

"You don't have to. He can room with me, and I'll see that he gets some-

(*Continued on page twenty-two*)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

RUNNING away from the Star of Hope Convent in Hyattsville, Maryland, because her shiftless father had not paid her board, fourteen-year-old Ann Cutler sets out afoot for Washington, D. C., where that parent lives in a cheap boardinghouse kept by a Mrs. Boag. No one could have guessed that the red-headed gangling girl was on her way to fame and fortune as the sensation of Paris in the Folies-Bergère.

Least of all did Charlie Binns think it when, driving his grocery wagon, he picks up the weary Ann and deposits her at Mrs. Boag's. The harassed landlady receives her coolly and says that J. Benton Cutler, her father, is being put out on account of his perpetual arrears.

Ann begs to stay, and offers to be her maid of all work in return. Fortunately, Mrs. Boag needs a slavey and accepts the proposition, though with decided reservations. J. Benton Cutler, who is forever looking for a job, talking big, and getting nowhere, is on her nerves and in her black books.

However, Ann drudges for her nearly four years, dreaming of knights in armor and of her future glory on the stage. At her work she makes up songs and sings them in a rich throaty voice. A transient boarder, Roberta White, a chorine with the Miss Cleopatra Company, hears Ann and becomes interested in her theatrical possibilities. The little drudge has something!

Out of patience with him, Mrs. Boag orders J. Benton to take his daughter and leave her house at once. Arriving at that crucial moment with an order of groceries, Charlie Binns asks:

"Say, Ann. How'd you like to marry me?"

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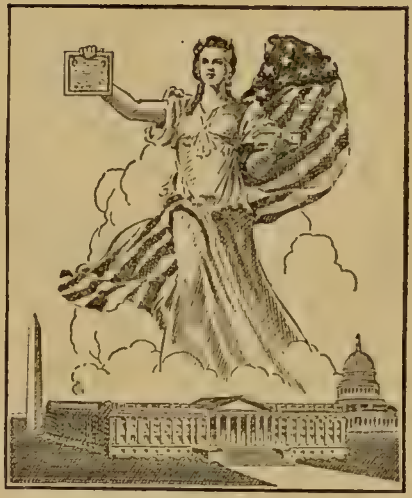

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(Continued from page twenty)

thing to eat."

"That's swell of you, Charlie, but, really, I'd rather," she insisted.

The trip to Philadelphia cost him thirteen dollars, and proved disappointing. Not that there wasn't a thrill in watching Ann's debut. She merely marched and countermarched with other priestesses, and seemed awkward and frightened, in spite of three long rehearsals. Twice she started off in the wrong direction, and was physically prompted by Roberta, and while her lips moved during the choral singing, it was obvious that little sound issued from them.

None of that mattered. She was the whole show to Charlie; the only person he saw on the stage. But she seemed a long, long way off.

Ann had used the word "lost," and it stuck in his mind. "I've lost her," he said to himself over and over again, and every time it hurt worse.

He had to go back to Washington at midnight. Ann said she'd go with him to the railway station, and Charlie counted on having her to himself, but Roberta *would* come along.

"Ann could never find her way back alone," Roberta observed very truly.

"All aboard!"

"Listen," Charlie unloaded his heart, throwing the sentences out as he might have thrown boxes from his wagon in equal haste. "You know what I told you. Well, that goes—any time. I ain't going to say it to anybody else. All you got to say—any time—anywhere—is 'I made up my mind, Charlie'—and I'll come, Ann. Anywhere. Good-by."

Ann was ready to kiss him again, but the train was in motion. Charlie ran down the platform, and swung on to the last car. "Did he ask you to marry him?" Roberta inquired.

Ann nodded.

"Why didn't you do it?" Roberta said. "That's got show business beaten a mile."

Ann looked at her.

"I'm gonna see stars," she said, quoting Roberta's words that she had put into a song. "Charlie's swell, but I want something else—something glittering and romantic. I've got to try my wings, Bobbie."

Roberta said, "Ann, you talk like a cheap novel."

Miss Cleopatra lasted six weeks in New York. It was an old-fashioned musical comedy without much of a kick in it.

Between them, the two girls had nearly three hundred dollars. Roberta's experience dictated thrift. "We've got to dig in for the summer," Roberta had said. "This troupe hasn't a chance, and April isn't a good time to be out of work in the show business."

FOR a glittering person in a glamorous world, Roberta had almost disconcerting common sense. She had found a room three flights up in a remodeled dwelling house in the Thirties, east of Sixth Avenue. "We can cook our own breakfasts and lunches," she planned, "and find some cheap place for dinner."

They had a front window, and one could look down on hurrying crowds. Ann felt a curious detachment. Thousands of people, strangers to her and to one another.

"Crowds of lonely people," Ann said.

One day she began improvising the beginning of a new song:

Lonely rivers!
Rivers of people flowing to the sea.

Roberta joined in a sort of vocal obbligato, and then laughed and stopped short.

"That's pretty swell," she said.

Ann laughed too.

"Where'd you get the tune, Ann?"

"Made it up."

"You didn't—not that one. It's too—eerie. It sounds like something out of the jungle."

"An old Negro woman at the convent used to sing something like it," Ann confessed. "Let's try it again."

Gradually they evolved a wailing chant, with Ann speaking words to a crooning accompaniment by Roberta. The song ended in a kind of haunting, awes

Lonely rivers,
Rivers of people flowing to the sea;
Hurried people,
Worried people.
Nobody knows
His neighbor's woes,
And nobody cares.
Lonely people in
Lonely rivers,
Flowing to the sea,
And the name of the sea
Is Eternity.

"That sounds like a hymn," Roberta commented, "but the darned thing isn't Christian. It's voodoo. You know something, Ann? I think we could do that in vaudeville."

Ann didn't know what vaudeville was.

"It's a hundred dollars a week, if we can make it," Roberta enthused. "Variety acts."

ROBERTA went to the office of the big variety circuit, and was told that there were "auditions" every Friday morning in the Palace Theater. For two weeks the girls worked hard at their "act." But the cards were stacked against them. Even Roberta was frightened by the big dark auditorium, vacant except for ten or twelve booking agents, who seemed to be there against their will.

The girls hadn't got beyond "worried people" when some one said, "Thanks. That'll be all. Who's next?"

The pair presented themselves on countless stages, and were given the once-over by dozens of directors.

One day brought a letter from Charlie.

"I'm enclosing twenty dollars," Charlie wrote. "Your father don't need it. He has no expenses but carfare. Mrs. Boag gives him his meals for getting her two boarders, and he sleeps in my room. He could have had a job as cashier in the store, but he says that would interfere with a scheme he's gone into with a man who's invented a stand to hold city directories. Your father says every stand would carry $100 worth of advertising, and, as there are two thousand drug stores in Washington alone, that would give them a profit of $200,000. Anyway, you don't have to send him any more for a while, and I hope you get another whack at it soon, and remain your respectful friend, CHARLIE.

"P.S. I made the boss an offer for a fourth interest in Franklin Market, and can get it for a thousand dollars, which I expect to have saved by the middle of next year. Write me when you get time. Faithfully."

On Roberta's advice, Ann had bought two cheap but effective dresses and a hat in Philadelphia; now she squandered three dollars on a new pair of shoes. "We're going to try to get into the Ziegfeld Follies," Roberta revealed.

They applied on the stage of the Ziegfeld Theater, and were overjoyed at finding Jerry Martin in charge. Jerry was still coatless and businesslike. A very tall man, faultlessly dressed, and with kindly twinkling eyes and graying hair, stood beside Jerry. "That's Dave Allen," Roberta whispered. "He's the power behind the throne. He's been thinking up the Follies ever since there was a Follies, and what he says goes. I hope he likes redheads."

It was Allen, rather than Jerry, who approved of the pair. Jerry had said, "I know both of 'em. The brunette's all right, but the other's a greenhorn. Not very pretty, either, huh?"

"I don't know," Allen answered. "She's interesting. *I'd* turn round to look at her."

So both were engaged at fifty dollars a week, and celebrated by spending the evening at the movies. Chorus rehearsals began the following Monday, although there was very little to rehearse. Apparently most of the show was yet to be written. There ought to be plenty of it before they got through. The grand new theater where rehearsals were conducted swarmed with authors and song writers. Besides Dave Allen, who brought fresh material every day, there were Mack Little, who had made his reputation inventing "gags" for motion pictures; and Lucas Badger, who had never done anything but melodramas; and Richard Orley, a really famous composer; and Joe Luck, from tin-pan alley, who had never attempted a whole score but had one or two songs in almost every musical comedy in town.

Joe, who stood five feet three in his boots, weighed one hundred and ten pounds, had quick beady eyes, and was all over the place, took a shine to Ann. He had a wide reputation for Don Juaning and a connoisseur's flair for the unusual. He wasn't long discovering Ann's gift for improvisation. One night, when the stupidity of a show girl led Jerry to announce that his hands were tied, Joe overheard Ann chanting, sotto voce:

"His hands are tied,
His tongue is not,
And he's never happy
With what he's got."

It wasn't an inspired lyric, but it amused Joe. The next morning, when Ann arrived before any of the other girls, Joe, who was always early, got her at the piano, and together they worked out words and music of a lilting ditty with a chorus that began:

Oh, Jerry,
Whoa, Jerry!
Untie your hands and let's go, Jerry.

That was sheer horseplay of course, but it led to a private recital of Lonely Rivers that really came to something. "Don't tell me you kids wrote that!" Joe exclaimed when Ann and Roberta had come to the end of their masterpiece. "It's swell. Let's struggle with it!"

FOR the next two weeks, however, everybody was working too hard on everything else. Chorus rehearsals began in the smoking room at ten in the morning and continued until midnight.

Slowly the show improved and took form. It was in fairly good shape by the end of that grueling all-day-and-night dress rehearsal in Atlantic City. What an ordeal! Everybody's nerves were on edge, and everybody was physically exhausted.

The chorus reported at eleven the next morning. None of the generalissimos had appeared. There had been a consultation at breakfast, and then the staff officers had gone to their various hotels to snatch forty winks. The girls waited, stretched full length on the stage, or lounging in the forbidden luxury of orchestra seats. Joe Luck sat in the pit, fooling with the piano.

"Sing Oh, Jerry," one of the girls called out to Ann.

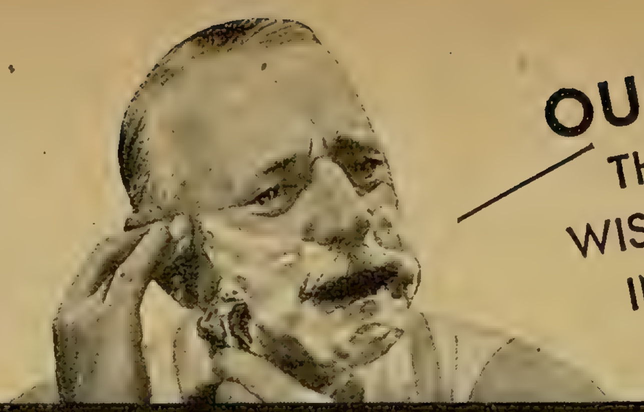
Joe began playing it.

Nothing loath, Ann began.

When she reached the refrain, half the girls joined in:

"Oh, Jerry,
Whoa, Jerry!
Untie your hands and let's go, Jerry."

Ann, in an intoxication born of overwork on her nerves, waved her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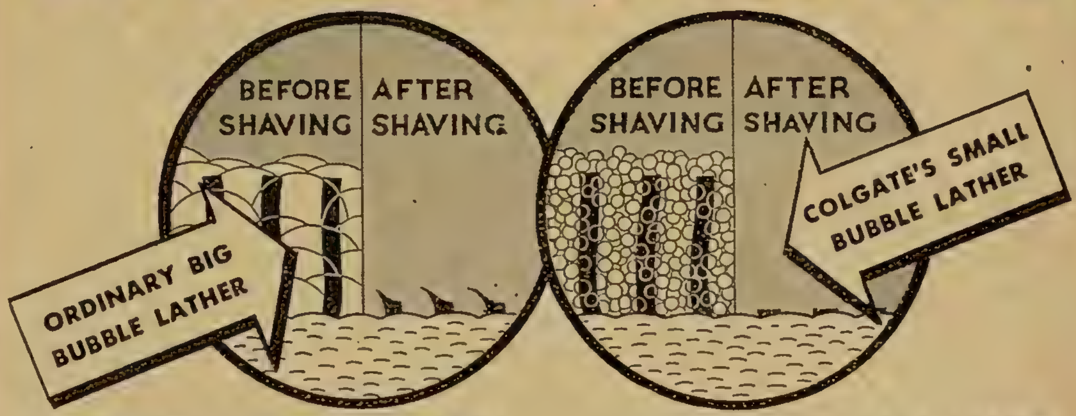
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arms playfully, directing the chorus. No one saw Jerry Martin come into the auditorium from the lobby.

He stood at the back of the house quietly until the singing was over.

Then he walked down the aisle.

"You're through, Miss Cutler," he said with icy dignity. "Put on your street clothes and go home. We won't need you any more. Everybody else on the stage, please."

Joe Luck started to protest.

"I'm very sorry—" Ann began.

And then Dave Allen came down the aisle.

"Wait a minute, Jerry," he said. "This Jane's got something." He looked up at Ann. "Can you do anything else?" he asked.

"Do anything?" Ann repeated vacantly.

"Know any other songs?" Dave continued. "Anything that might go in that cabaret scene?"

Jerry Martin was rigid.

"See here, Dave, if that girl—"

But Joe Luck struck his two dissonant chords on the piano.

"Come on, Ann," he called. "Let's give 'em Lonely Rivers."

. . . . .

"Show business," Roberta White said, "hardens your heart or breaks it. What're you crying about, Ann? Lonely Rivers got us out of the chorus, didn't it? What more do you want?"

That was around six o'clock the morning after the Ziegfeld Follies opened in New York. Jerry Martin's protests and threats had proved unavailing. Lonely Rivers was in the performance. Every one liked it—except Jerry. "It's got a chance," Dave Allen whispered to the Big Chief. "And we haven't anything else to put into that cabaret. Let's try this number; if it doesn't get over, the set's out in the alley."

New York's glittering first-night assemblage was polite, and nothing more.

"We didn't set the river afire," Ann wrote her father the following Sunday, "but we're still in the show, and Joe Luck says we're going to stay in. I'm inclosing ten dollars—the best I can do now. Roberta thinks you'd better stay with Charlie a while yet. Give him my best, and I forgot to tell you that there's a Frenchman in our company, and his wife, and they both say Bobbie and I ought to be a real hit in Paris. Joe Luck thought we ought to be a hit in New York, but if everything that ought to be *was*, this wouldn't be New York *or* Paris but heaven."

Ann's Frenchman was Maurice Dorval. On the program he and Mme. Dorval were "Maurice & Fleurette, direct from the Folies-Bergère, Paris." They hadn't made much of a hit, either.

MAURICE felt that true art was not understood in America. People liked clowns. There were only four artists in the Follies—Maurice and Fleurette and the girls who sang Lonely Rivers. In Paris, he told Joe Luck, those girls would be the talk of the boulevards. "They sing so a knife he be plunge in your heart," Maurice enthused. "*Quel abandon séduisant!*"

"Yeah, ain't it?" Joe responded. "I'd like to see that act with a crazy nigger orchestra back of it. Funny pipes and drums and things. Flash costumes and a set showing the Congo, or Brazil, or something."

The idea worked in Joe's mind. An idea working in Joe's mind had little competition. Joe hung round the show because he had nothing else to do. When he'd had enough of the performance, he'd shut himself in a room at his music publisher's and tickle a piano with two fingers until it gave forth new tunes— Well, they passed for new anyway.

Joe became the frequent host, guide, mentor, and friend of Roberta White and Ann Cutler. "Lissen, Ann. What were you doing talking to Monckton for yesterday? Men that are worth a damn ain't got time to hang around the Follies, Ann."

Ann laughed. "You hang round 'em, Joe."

"Yes," Joe answered, "but I ain't worth a damn."

Early in July the girls were roused before eight o'clock by a messenger with a telegram—night letter, forty-two cents, collect. J. Benton Cutler was on his way to New York. "Conferring with big interests on million dollar business deal Stop May require small preliminary financing Stop Can you arrange loan hundred dollars for few weeks Stop If so have money promptly on my arrival your lodgings two oclock sharp Stop If possible lunch with me."

J. Benton looked rather seedy. "That's why I wired about money," he confessed. "I've an appointment tomorrow morning with a well known financier, and of course I can't go like this. I dislike ready-made clothes, Ann, but I'm afraid I've no choice this time. What's the best shop for a smart suit and some good haberdashery?"

In the end, of course, J. Benton and the well known financier failed to get together.

Ann felt her father had lived long enough with Charlie. After all, there were limits to friendship—even to the doglike devotion of Charlie Binns. Ann and Roberta ended by taking a small apartment in St. Nicholas Avenue. Parlor, kitchen, three bedrooms, and a bath for forty dollars a month.

IN August, Roberta secured employment for J. Benton. Joe belonged to a society that collected tribute from hotels whose orchestras played the compositions of its members. The society needed men to go round the hotels and report when and what compositions were played. "That's a job made to order for Ann's father," Roberta said. Joe agreed with her, and used his influence. Within a fortnight J. Benton could talk about "show business" as glibly as any of them. Ann persuaded him to contribute a small sum toward household expenses, but most of J. Benton's earnings went into his wardrobe. In evening clothes Ann's father looked like a retired major general.

Charlie Binns came on for a short visit. He spent five afternoons with Ann, and five mornings visiting chain stores and making mental notes of their attractions and shortcomings. What they lacked was personality. Charlie didn't know the word, but that was what he meant. "People don't get the kind of attention they'd have if the boss was in charge. You know, Ann, a man on a salary don't care as much as the man that's out of pocket if a customer ain't satisfied. If I had two stores, I'd take the best clerk I had out of the first, and make him a partner in the second, and so on. Don't that seem a good idea, Ann?"

Charlie went back to Washington without having repeated his offer of marriage. The gulf between them was too wide now. Not that Charlie had given up hope. "You certainly got somewhere," he said; "but maybe I'll get somewhere too, and then I'm going to do my best to win you."

Ann smiled at the ridiculous old-fashioned phrase.

They were dining in a restaurant the girl had discovered just outside the theater zone. She looked astonishingly smart in her green crepe ensemble, and her patter was worldly and self-assured. "Of course, if anything ever happened to you, Ann—"

"What do you mean, happened?"

"Well, you know, so that you needed me—"

She leaned forward to pat his hand, and then became conscious that some one had stopped at their table. Monckton. "Hello! Who told *you* about this place? They have the best foie gras in New York."

Ann glanced at Charlie's steak and hashed brown potatoes.

"I'd like you to know Mr. Binns."

"Pleased to meet you," Charlie declared heartily, rising and dropping his knife to the floor as he did so.

"One of your out-of-town acquaintances, I suppose," Monckton remarked the next day at luncheon.

"He's my best friend," Ann answered quietly but very steadily. "My best friend, and the finest fellow I ever knew anywhere."

She wasn't going to have any one snooting Charlie. Marrying him was out of the question, of course, but he was worth a dozen Moncktons, and Ann knew it.

Meanwhile there was no trick to seeing through Monckton. His glories were a trim figure, an expensive tailor, a cheap wit, and a wide acquaintance with ocean steamships, European hotels, headwaiters, and chorus girls.

He began taking sly little liberties with Ann, and when she resented them, he laughed at her.

"Broadway's no place for vestal virgins," Monckton said.

Ann indignantly repeated the gibe to Roberta. "I'm not a prig, Bobbie, but I don't want to waste my sacred fire on cheap little flares."

Roberta asked, "What *are* you talking about?"

"Vestal virgins," Ann laughed. "They were priestesses who guarded the sacred fire. I don't suppose they guarded it against anything sacred, but they certainly didn't let dirty little boys break in and steal it. I'm not a prig, Bobbie, just because I went to a convent, but if I ever give myself, it's going to be for something bigger than supper and a taxi ride with a glorified stage-door Johnny."

In September new "musicals" were opening, and vacant seats were to be seen from the stage of the Ziegfeld. The dressing rooms buzzed with talk of going on the road.

"The Frenchies ain't going," Joe Luck confided to Ann and Roberta, alluding to Maurice and Fleurette. "They've written the manager of the Folies-Bergère, and said they're a riot in New York but lonesome for that dear Paris. Maurice says he told the guy you girls would knock the eye out of a French audience. Maybe he did. Again, maybe he didn't."

THE next night Joe came bursting into their dressing room.

"Listen, kids!" he cried. "Maurice got a cablegram. No foolin'. I saw it. It's from Mr. and Mrs. Folies-Bergère, and says 'Welcome home for five thousand francs a week, and what'll the disused take to come with you?'"

"The *what?*"

"You're askin' me? It's spelled d-i-s-e-u-s-e, and means you; that's all I know. There's a new show going on right away, and this guy wants novelties. He must want 'em bad, because he's a Frenchman and willing to pay for the cablegrams. How much'll we take, girls?"

"How'll we get there?" asked Roberta.

"They'll pay expenses, of course."

"I'll go for nothing," Ann said.

"That's what they'll think you're worth, then. Let's say five thousand."

"No," Roberta objected. "If we ask as much as Maurice and Fleurette, *they'll* get sore and stick a pin in our trial balloon. Let's say four thousand—and how much is that?"

"In real money? Oh, about a hundred and fifty dollars. What do we care? If we make good, the sky's the limit."

"What do you mean, we?" Roberta asked.

"I'm in this troupe," Joe answered.

"Mr. and Mrs. Folies-Bergère" agreed to four thousand, providing the contract could be terminated at a week's notice, but declined to pay expenses.

"O.K.," Joe volunteered. "I'll pay 'em. Everybody's. If you go on get-

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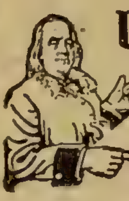

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HE WOKE UP IN DREADFUL PAIN

But Absorbine Jr. Brought Relief

***NOT until T. J., lawyer of Shreveport, La., woke up with shooting pains did he realize he had sprained his shoulder when changing a tire the afternoon before.**

Fortunately his good wife knew what to do. Immediately she jumped out of bed, got the bottle of Absorbine Jr. off the bathroom shelf, and began rubbing that wonderful liniment into the sore spot.

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**Based on actual letter from our files*

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ting four thousand a week, it's all yours. Anything over that, I take half. Is it a bargain?"

"It's a beneficence," Ann said, and Bobbie laughed and exclaimed, "You do get the damnedest highbrow words, Ann."

They sent their two weeks' notice of retirement to Ziegfeld, who was humiliatingly stoical about it. The following Sunday Joe Luck came to dinner in St. Nicholas Avenue. He brought most of the meal with him from a neighboring delicatessen store, and half a dozen bottles of beer purchased at his favorite speakeasy. Every one was in high spirits.

"I have a friend," J. Benton said, "who has a pull with the White Star Line. He's going to get us on the Olympic at minimum rates—"

Roberta interrupted:

"'Get *us*'? Are you going to be in this act, Mr. Cutler?"

"I'm certainly not letting my daughter go abroad alone with an unmarried man."

"I was married once," Joe laughed. "It didn't take, but I belong to the union. Does that help?"

"I have the utmost confidence in you," J. Benton assured him, "but I must consider Ann's reputation."

"Don't be silly," Ann admonished her father. "Theatrical acts don't travel around with chaperons."

"They do travel around with managers," J. Benton said. "Mr. Luck's going to need a manager. He'll be busy staging the act. Who's going to take charge of business matters? You're all wondering now how to make this trip. I've got two cabins reserved—one for you girls, and one for Mr. Luck and me—at the minimum rate. I've got railway tickets from Cherbourg to Paris. What're you three going to do in a place where you don't speak the language?"

"Let Maurice speak it for us," Joe answered.

"In your behalf," J. Benton asked, "or that of his French associates?"

That scored. "What do *you* know about French?" Ann asked her father privately.

"My dear!" he exclaimed. "I spent my youth in the Latin Quarter!"

AS a matter of fact he had spent one afternoon there, but he had a smattering of French nouns, and brushed up a good deal on the boat.

Maurice introduced Joe Luck and J. Benton to the management. "I can't show you the act now," Joe said to a suave official who spoke English far better than Joe did. "I got to get a band first—a nigger band—Americans. Maurice says there are dozens of 'em in Paris."

The management had already engaged one for its own purposes.

"O.K.," Joe exulted. "Let me have 'em for two rehearsals—private rehearsals—anywhere—and then I'll show you the result."

The Africans fell upon Joe's new orchestration as they might have fallen upon watermelon. Here was music they understood.

Le régisseur conveyed to Joe his feeling that the act needed a background—that it wouldn't stand alone in fact, but must become part of another number. The finale of the new revue was to be the Feast of Belshazzar. It was to be something wild—"*frénetique.*" That would build right up to Lonely Rivers.

Ann and Roberta, manacled captives, were shoved on to the stage through two bronze gates by the nearly naked barbarians—otherwise their own orchestra. In addition to the manacles they wore rags of crimson satin. While the feasting went on, they sang Lonely Rivers. A moment later the enemies of Belshazzar invaded the palace. The king's panic-stricken guests fled up a huge stairway, shedding their cloaks as they ran, and falling, drunken and sprawling, a heap of pink flesh, with splashes of bright color — the cloaks — all lighted by the flickering braziers on the pillars of the smashed bronze gates. And, in a sudden silence, just as the final curtain was falling, Ann and Roberta lifted their voices again in Lonely Rivers.

THE effect was electric. Applause broke loose at the end of its first rendering. Applause that burst like a bombshell and spread like a conflagration. "*Bis! Bis!*" "Bravo!" Pandemonium continued throughout the magnificent spectacle of the stairway flight. The curtain fell, and was lifted, and fell again, and was lifted again, and at last the girls stood alone in front of the velvet drop, bowing in a sort of dazed rapture.

Ann saw one man—he looked like a very tall Englishman—in a stage box. Behind him were another man and two women, all in evening clothes. The Englishman was looking at her with a fixed gaze that was almost hypnotic. As he caught her glance he snatched a gardenia from his lapel and flung it at her feet. In a vivid flash Ann saw one of the women seize his arm. She was obviously angry.

Ten minutes later an attendant gave Ann a card. The name was engraved upon it; the rest in pencil:

May the gardenia present an admirer

Mr. Andrew Price Gordon

Ann looked up to find herself beside the *régisseur*.

"Who *is* that?" she asked.

"Price Gordon?" the director replied in his funny maimed English. "Just the richest merchant in London. He has often been here, but never before have I heard of his doing something like this to *anybody*."

Roberta looked at the card and smiled. "Dark man with a bundle? I've heard about Mr. Gordon. Better lock up the sacred fire, Ann."

Paris at her feet, her most dazzling dreams assured, what is this rich Britisher, Price Gordon, going to do to Ann in the first heady flush of great success? Does he bring good or evil? Read the next installment in Liberty for reality versus glamour.

Tearful, Thrilling, Timely

Messrs. Beery and Cooper Assault the Emotions Again; Pompeii Crumbles Before Your Eyes, and Miss Donnelly Licks the Depression

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary **3 stars—Excellent**
2 stars—Good **1 star—Poor**
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Spanky McFarland, Henry Stephenson, Sara Haden, Leona Maricle, Willard Robertson, Clarence Muse. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. Story by Harvey Gates and M. S. Boylan.

M-G-M's O'Shaughnessy's Boy is father love in a circus background. Bending over to the breaking point in an effort to regain all the elements of that tear-drenched success The Champ, Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper merge their lush talents in an opulent display of tears, laughter, and excessive kissing.

One long assault on the emotions, the film has the crass and coy Mr. Beery as a lion tamer, no less, who scares the whiskers right off the big cats. In turn, he is frightened of his wife. When she walks out on him, Beery is so upset that he loses his iron nerve. A tiger, sensing this, gleefully eats his arm off.

From then on Beery's life is but a bitter and losing fight to regain his nerve and his son, whom his wife took when she ran away. The son—played at first by chubby Spanky McFarland—is prejudiced against his uncouth father by his aunt. By the time Beery reclaims the lad, now played by Jackie Cooper, the once powerful animal trainer is but a tramp living off the kindness of his circus friends.

O'Shaughnessy's Boy reaches its terrific climax when the one-armed lion tamer attempts a feat never before accomplished. He tries to make a tiger ride on an elephant's back, then force both the natural enemies to jump through a ring of fire.

A vigorous roaring film splashed with sentimentality, O'Shaughnessy's Boy sets out to make an emotional wreck of the audience. Those hardy enough to withstand the rigors of the film should enjoy it.

VITAL STATISTICS: At fourteen Wallace (Butch) Beery started as an elephant boy in a circus. His first ride taught him you can't fool an elephant—he was thrown for a row of circus seats for being green. In three years he was throwing twenty-six elephants around. Has never forgotten his training, utilizing his circus knowledge for this one. His opinions on animals are unorthodox. Thinks monkeys are the cleanest animals going but their problem in this world is dandruff, not fleas. Determined that little Carol Ann Beery should have no fear of animals, he's bought a pet lion cub for her. Wrestled with 800-pound tiger against advice. Was wounded by claws. Compromised by wearing leather. Beery keeps office hours from nine to five like any businessman when working. Has a keen sense of humor. . . . That's Anna May, famous movie elephant, you see. She chews tobacco and got a crush on Director Boleslawski, following him all over the set. . . . Juanita, a monkey born on the circus set, faced the camera when but three hours old. . . . Those twenty orphans are real. Their salaries went to their orphanage for their benefit. . . . The animals were put through their paces by Joe Metcalfe, George Emerson, and Louis Roth. Former knew Beery in his circus days with Sells-Forepaugh and latter two broke the tiger to ride Anna May and then go through a ring of fire. Act required ten weeks of training, a dog being used on the elephant's back and the tiger being put on a horse for a starter. . . . Jackie Cooper started at five in Movietone Follies, then Our Gang, and fame came with Skippy. . . . As a gag, six years ago Boleslawski told Sara Haden's fortune. Said she had a great future in pictures. She got job in this by reminding him of his prophecy. She's of Galveston, dotter of Charlotte Walker, once well known actress. . . . Director Boleslawski (Boley to you) wavers between art and movies. Is good at each.

Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery in a scene from O'Shaughnessy's Boy, a film of life in the circus.

★ ★ ★ THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

THE PLAYERS: Preston Foster, Basil Rathbone, David Holt, Alan Hale, John Wood, Louis Calhern, Dorothy Wilson. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. Story by James Creelman and Melville Baker.

BEARING little relation to the Bulwer-Lytton story, The Last Days of Pompeii is an impressive show done in the De Mille manner but told with more dignity. Like O'Shaugnessy's Boy, this gigantic film is concerned with parental devotion.

But here father love is only embroidery on the main theme: Money Isn't Everything. In fact money's just a nuisance according to James Creelman and Melville Baker, the authors of this journey through ancient and sinful Italy.

Full of trick photography and thousands of costumed extras, and climaxed by the eruption of Vesuvius, The Last Days of Pompeii, as a spec-

SPUD **Contest Winners!**

We take pleasure in announcing these winners in the two Spud limerick contests. In addition, 425 prizes of $2.00 and 567 free cartons of Spuds have been awarded for each contest.

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Judging of both contests was under the direction of Advertisers Research Corporation of Greenwich, Conn.

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THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

tacle alone, is well worth the price of admission.

RKO ties together this three-ring attraction with a story that has Preston Foster as a blacksmith whose wife and son die because he hasn't enough money for a doctor. Determined to be wealthy, he becomes a professional gladiator. In his climb to the championship he kills a rival who leaves a son.

Remorseful, Foster takes the lad, nicely played by the sincere little David Holt, and from there on spends his abundant energy getting riches for his ward. The ex-blacksmith continues his climb up the financial ladder, becoming at last the manager of the arena—the Tex Rickard of those decadent times.

Meanwhile Foster's son, a money hater, joins the new Christian movement. The lad is captured with religious slaves and, despite his father's high position, is sentenced to death in a holiday festival. What Foster's money cannot defy, Vesuvius certainly can. For the volcano belches, sputters, and sends its fiery death to the arena—kills thousands, wrecks the city, ruins the festival, and saves the Christians.

Preston Foster, David Holt, Basil Rathbone, and Louis Calhern make this more believable than our synopsis would imply. And the RKO technicians and artists make it an item for your amazement.

VITAL STATISTICS: Producer Merian C. Cooper, being a big-spectacle-and-effects man, has always wanted to tip over Pompeii. Traveled to Pompeii and studied Bulwer-Lytton's archaic classic. Jettisoned the book, salvaging the title, the description of Pompeii, and several situations. Considering that the picture's primary purpose is to make money, its theme that the pursuit of money leads but to the grave is an irony superb. . . . Actually Pompeii (20,000 inhabitants) was destroyed in 79 A. D. and the Crucifixion took place in 33 A. D. The only liberty taken with these events was to make them possible in the lives of the leading characters, who really should have been older at picture's end. . . . Picture cost almost a million and might have cost another were it not for the amazingly intricate work done with miniature models. . . . During the earthquake Louis Calhern, being an old farm driver, insisted on driving a chariot himself, refusing a double. Almost overturned when he struck a curb unexpectedly. . . . Picture fourteen months in making; 270,000 feet of film were shot; about 8,000 remain to be seen. . . . Preston Foster was chosen for Marcus the Gladiator because he has uncanny ability to age well in a part requiring young and old work. . . . Screenplaywright Ruth Rose is wife of Director Ernest Schoedsack, long artistic associate of Producer Cooper, with whom he made Grass, epic of epics. . . . Picture a cinch for religious money at box office, Hollywood beginning to abandon Sin in a big way.

★ ★ PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET

THE PLAYERS: Warren Hull, Margaret Lindsay, Ruth Donnelly, Anita Louise, Frank Albertson, Arthur Treacher, Lillian Kemble Cooper, Maude Turner Gordon, and others. Directed by Arthur G. Collins. Story by Lillian Day.

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET tries the well-nigh impossible feat of combining the best features of Madame X and Skinner's Dress Suit. In fact, as far as this picture is concerned, it is an absolutely impossible feat. For even though the film has its good moments—both gay and sad—it is defeated from the beginning by trying to tell simultaneously two stories that work against each other.

Personal Maid's Secret proclaims, with New Dealian loyalty, that the way to make money is to spend more than you have. When Ruth Donnelly, a servant recently in the employ of New York's snootiest family, comes to the dowdy home of a struggling insurance salesman (Warren Hull) she brings big changes.

Miss Donnelly has the salesman's wife (Margaret Lindsay) spend all her money on silverware and tablecloths. This brings a few customers. Then the dauntless maid persuades her employers to move to a smart apartment. More people scramble to insure their lives. Finally Miss Donnelly has the young couple living on a Long Island estate complete with tennis court and swimming pool, while the solvent businessmen fairly shout for more insurance.

That's story number one.

The grimmer side of the picture tells of the maid's early love life, which left her with a child and a dead aristocratic husband. In order that the child, Anita Louise, might have the proper background, Miss Donnelly abandons the waif to her husband's rich parents. But blood is slicker than water, for Miss Louise wends her way back to her poor mother. And the film, which has one commendable feature in that it's neatly told, comes to its decidedly happy finish.

VITAL STATISTICS: Formerly called Keeping Up with Lizzie, this one cost $175,000, or small Hollywood money. . . . Story fits Warner Bros.' philosophy perfectly: people still live as if it were 1928 and $100,000 deals are put over at swank golf clubs by live wires. . . . Rubber-faced Ruth Donnelly is a Trenton, New Jersey, miss. Started starward in the chorus with Ina Claire in The Quaker Girl, so you can figure her and Ina's ages for yourself. With George M. Cohan for four years, she's been ingénue, leading lady, characteress, comedienne. Hopes to remain in pictures, which she entered three years ago, all her life, growing into dowager, then grammaw roles. She's unmarried happily. . . . Brunette Margaret Lindsay memorizes her lines talking to herself while driving, and often finds herself waving her arms for the gestures. She's really Margaret Kies; was born in Dubuque. Picked up that accent during six months in London. Tricked Hollywood into handing her a plum part in Cavalcade, believing her teddibly British. Entertains her guests by passing out old movie magazines, film reference books, and plotting out on graph paper ups and downs and whither-tos of movie stars. . . . Warren Hull's his true name; he's of Gasport, New York, near Niagara Falls; attended Auburn High School, N. Y. U., and Rochester U. Is thirty-two (January 17). Was athletic and thespic at school. Studied at Eastman Music School at Rochester when the call came from the Shuberts. In quick step, played in Student Prince, My Maryland, Rain or Shine, Follow Thru, after which he got the Air (cute?). Warner's snatched him from the radio and this is his Hollywood debut. Is unmarried. Admits to no accomplishments beyond singing and acting. Is ping-pong, Twain, Ludwig, Lewisohn, and rummy enthusiast. . . . Anita Louise Tremault's eighteen; got initial big-picture break playing the young Garbo in A Woman of Affairs; insists she was kept out of pictures because she was too beautiful—no doubt true, as she is incredibly china-doll-featured. Worried herself ill, so mother Louise started her for Europe to study music and give up pictures entirely. Reaching New York, United States went off gold standard, making the Louise money shrink to 0, so back to Hollywood they trekked. Within ten days Anita was off to a beautiful career, Titania, Queen of those Dream fairies, usurping her too, too loveliness. . . . Frank Albertson rose from soda jerking to acting, not a too terribly enormous hop. Born in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, was raised in a place named Puyallup, Washington. Has been through the Hollywood mill. . . . Director Collins makes his solo meg bow in this one. Has been dialogue and stage director.

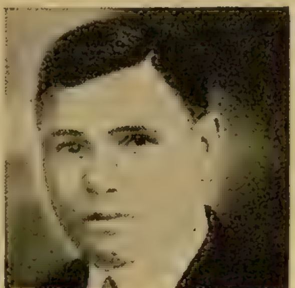
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury.

★★★—Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Youth's idol, though the king isn't king any more—can you identify him from this early photo?

2—Was November always the eleventh month?

3—Which of the following picture stars were once chorus boys: John Boles, James Cagney, Jack Oakie, Pat O'Brien?

4—In what famous kidnaping case was the self-confessed abductor arbitrarily acquitted?

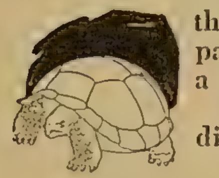
5—Who is the author of Caesar and Cleopatra?

6—How many wars have there been during the past thirty-seven years?

7—What is the Festival of the Dead?

8—How is shatterproof glass made?

9—To what country has the United States promised to pay a quarter million dollars a year for rent?



10—How does a tortoise differ from a turtle?

11—What is the chief export of Italian Somaliland?

12—Who is Cactus Jack?

13—Which sport was played in North America centuries ago, a game lasting from dawn to dark?

14—Aboard ship, when is the second dogwatch?

15—Did Lincoln, Norman Thomas, or President Roosevelt write, "Capital is the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed"?

16—Which color traces its name back to a renowned battle?

17—Who was the first outstanding feminine radio star?

18—When did the House of Commons announce that England was a commonwealth "without king or House of Lords"?

19—Which state of the Union yields the most brimstone?

20—What famous poet of the fifteenth century lived a life of romantic adventure?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

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Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Socko, Preparing for Battle, Brings Up a Poignant Memory or Two

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Hollywood, Cal.

DEAR Socko:

Well, crackpot, I just received your sweet letter telling me how you received the two black lamps and were streeted from the Park Avenue party. How lovely! You must have had a very ruffined and enjoyable evening!

For the life of me, I can't imagine how any sane society dame could invite a punk palooka like you to an exclusive blow-out without expecting to gum the fun. But, everybody for their own taste. If you ask me, that Fifi frail is either boy-crazy or coocoo.

As for *you,* youre just as daffy as *she* is. Any sap that would traipse into a top-hat party ribbed in a waitors coat, army shoes and a celluloid " dickie " *should* be tossed out. It serves you ample right.

Listen, silly, theres an old adage that says:—" You can't make a silk purse out of a sows ear,"—so, the sooner you join the A. S. O. R. N., the better.

Yours in disgust, GINGER.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MISS GINGER RYAN
HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CAL
WHERE DO YOU GET THAT SOWS EAR STUFF STOP WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY A S O R N
SOCKO

WESTERN UNION

SOCKO OBRIEN
BROOKLYN SPORTS AND CARNAGE CLUB
BROOKLYN NY
AMERICAN SOCIETY OF ROUGH NECKS
GINGER

Special Delivery

Miss Ginger Ryan
Hollywood, Califilmia.

Dear Ginger:

Hey, listen! It seems to me youre getting very snooty ever since you blew out to Hollywood and met up with that magic lantern hero, Rex Holmes. Who do you think *you* are?

On the level, Ginger, I dont want to get tough with you or nothing, but how do you rate that superarority stuff,—and you coming from a family of cops? On the square, *youre* just like the rest of those footlight femmes. As soon as some lavender scented, grease painted, lenz louse hurls you a smile, you do a wing slip and zoom right into his arms. For *what,* I ask you? What thrills can *he* give you that *I* cant? Say, ten-fifths of them guys couldnt fight their way out of a boy scout tent if you ask me.

And now,—according to you, I'm just a " punk palooka " and a " second rate sock-peddler." I'm not *classy* enough to ace around with your *swell society* meat puddings.

No! Well, get this straight, dearie! I may not have brains enough to frolic before the Brownies and bust shoulder straps, but when it comes to *guts,* I'm the baby that steps through the ropes and lays those man-mountains cold!

Blow that off your mirror!

Hey, listen, you never used to make such cracks when you were living over that Polish saloon back here in New York. But now, its different. Theys no way out but for me to *answer* your cute insults.

I guess you forget the weeks I used to slip your old lady the rent when your old man was caneing chairs while the egg with the cannon kept him company?

And the day your kid sister ran off and married the chink? Who spent the night sitting on your mothers neck so she wouldnt cut loose and wreck the joint? Me! Thats who!

Yes, and how about that sappy brother of yours,—the one who got a pants full of radiator the day he tried to stop the truck? Who was it that fronted for him and told the judge he was deef, dumb and had a tin leg? *Me!* Thats who! Say, if it hadn't been for *me* buying the wheel chair, wrapping him in bandages and pouring that dago red all over him, he wouldnt have grabbed the insurance money to go into the bootlegging rackit.

I dont want to brag or nothing, Ginger, but you forget all the nice things I did for you, don't you?

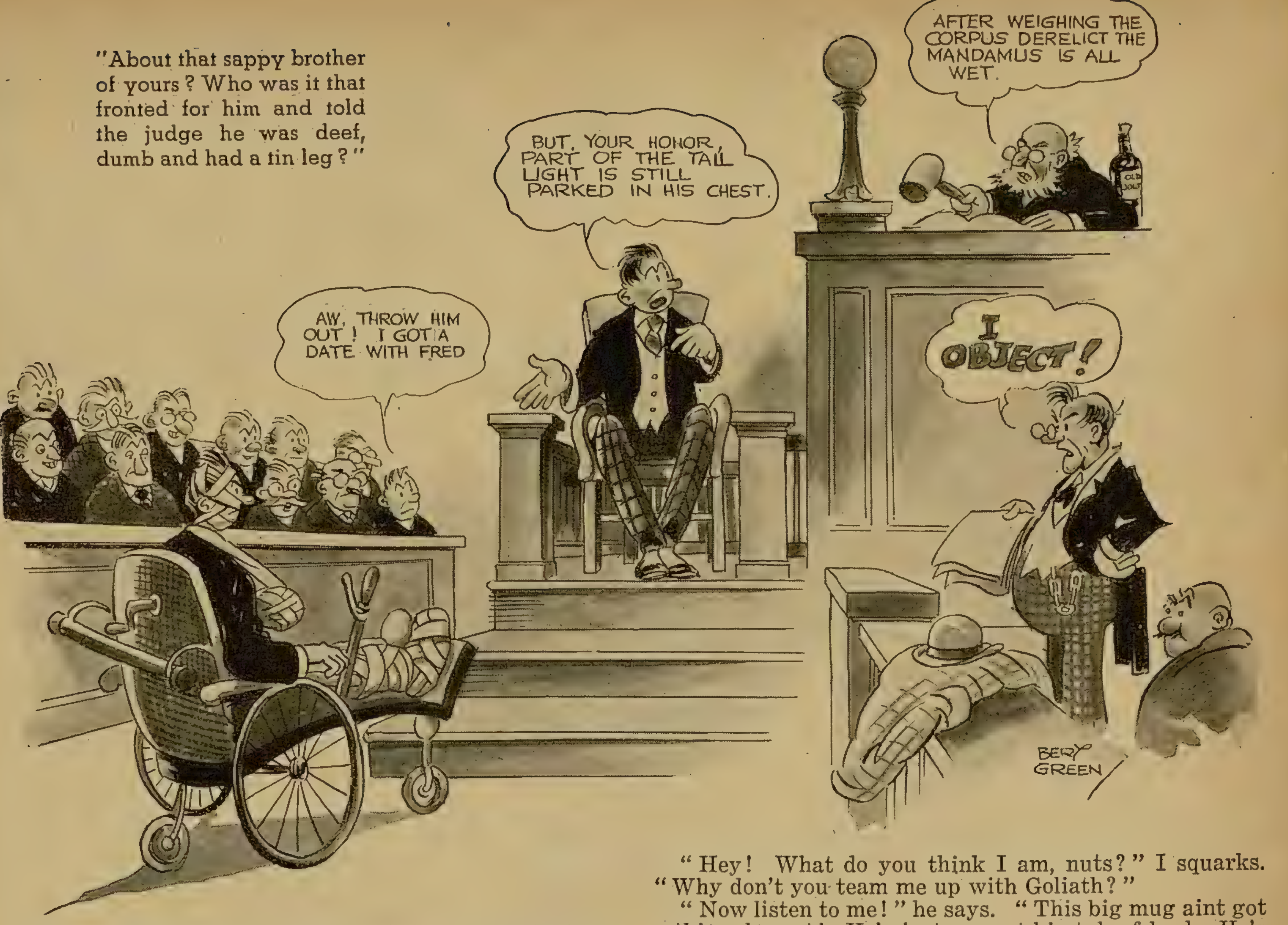
Yes, and to top the fun, you have the crust to bawl me out and tell me how much you *love* that movie mug. On the level, Ginger, I get so out of shape with your nonsense I could ring your neck.

But honest, kid, I do hate to fight with you. I *love you* better than any girl in the world. I guess I love you because we had so many hard bumps trying to get places in the picture and fights rackit.

From now on, toots, everything between me and you is jake!

In order to change the subject, I'm going to put you hep to a swell load of grief I just received. Heres what happened:—

Being low in the bucks, I thought I would blow over to the Suicide A. C. and see if I could pick up a little easy money in the way of a scrap. Well, I no sooner stepped



"About that sappy brother of yours? Who was it that fronted for him and told the judge he was deef, dumb and had a tin leg?"

AFTER WEIGHING THE CORPUS DERELICT THE MANDAMUS IS ALL WET.
BUT, YOUR HONOR, PART OF THE TAIL LIGHT IS STILL PARKED IN HIS CHEST.
AW, THROW HIM OUT! I GOT A DATE WITH FRED
I OBJECT!
BERY GREEN

in the gym than I sees Jack Downey,—the matchmaker—leaning against a post studyeing the ring techneque of a guy thats twiced as big as Carnera and three times as brutal. I could see at a glanced that his opponent was just about ready to inspect the canvas. The thought had no sooner flashed through my scull than the opponent folded like a load of pig iron.

"There goes another palooka!" yells Downey. "You better stack 'im with those other stiffs!"

I looked around and there were *six guys* laying on the floor—colder than ice. Just then Downey sees me.

"Well, give a look at what blew in!" he yells, in a sourcastic manner. "I thought you was gonna mingle with Maxie Baer?"

"At's right," I says, "but he couldnt make the weight."

"Oh, yeah!" says Downey, with a bit of a smirk. "Its a good thing for you he couldnt or theyd be stringing your jaw like a harp. Say, you couldnt stand up to the National anthem if they slipped you the melody. Anyhow, what are you doing around here cluttering up the joint?"

"I wished you would dig me up a scrap," I retorts, ignoring his cute remarks, "somebody I can paste for a goal."

"Thats a yell!" he grins. "You couldnt paste an envelope if you were built like a Saint Burnard."

"How about Stovecoal Jackson?" I replies. "I stopped *him!* He had a record from New York to Carson City."

"Boloney!" he yells. "Pullman porters dont count. But if you really *want* a scrap, maybe I can fix you up. Theres a tramp around here thats a *pushover!* No fooling, he couldnt knock over a midget with a duke full of pool balls!"

"Whats his name?" I inquires in a off-hand manner.

"Hurricane Hooligan! There he is over there downing that gallon of applejack!"

Jumping Jupiter! I looked over and who was it but the big monster who had flattened the *six guys!*

"Hey! What do you think I am, nuts?" I squarks. "Why don't you team me up with Goliath?"

"Now listen to me!" he says. "This big mug aint got a thing, honest! He's just a great big tub of lard. He's been knocked cold so many times the referee don't bother counting him out any more. Those six guys he just floored aint had a meal in three weeks, what do you expect?"

"Whats in it for *me*," I says, "if I slap him down?"

"One thousand smackers cash! *Winner take all!*"

"It's a bet!" I says. "I'll take that dough!"

Well, Ginger, now comes the fly in the erntmint. I had no sooner signed the papers when I ran into Mike Harrison,—Hurricane Hooligans former manager. When I told Mike—what I thought was the good news—he all but hit the roof.

"Great Cesars ghost!" he roared. "That big donkey will *kill* you in the first round! He's *murder!* He's *buried four guys.* Theys only one thing for you to do. Get in touch with Stopwatch Mould, he's one of Hooligan's old seconds. He's the only guy living that knows the secret of how to *stop Hooligan in the middle of a fight.* When Stopwatch hollers something in Hooligans ear, Hooligan blows up! Then you can paste him for the count."

Gosh, Ginger, the pay-off came when I had to guarantee Stopwatch 20% of my earnings—win, loose or draw—to save me from being *killed.* Besides, I had to advance his aeroplane fair from Peoria and that aint all: —when the plane took off it was pouring cats and dogs. The ceiling was *zero!* The airport instructed the pilot to *fly low* and *folley the railroad tracks!*

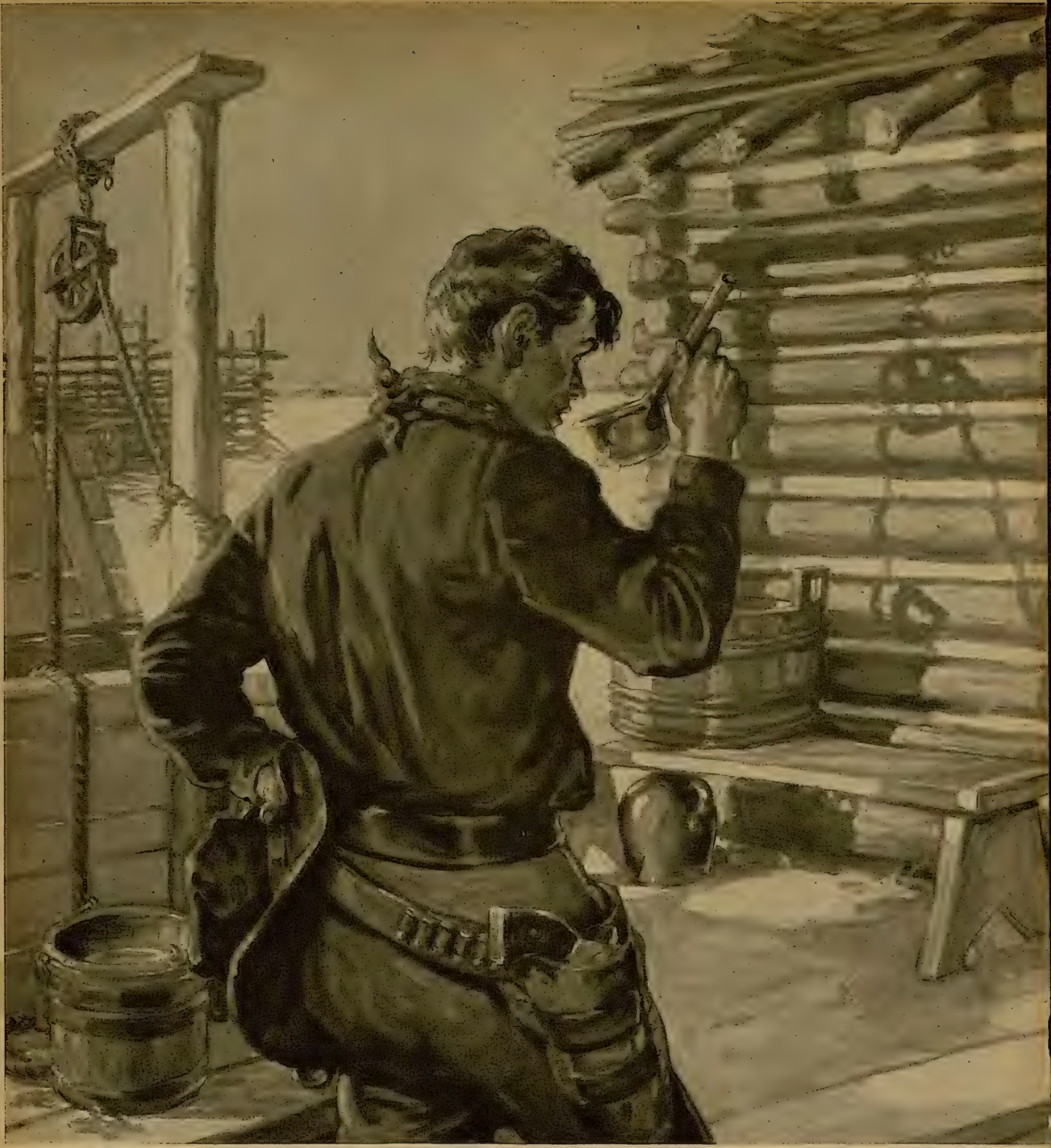
He DID! When the tracks *went into a tunnel,* so did Stopwatch and the SECRET!!!

Tomorrow nights the fight and if you dont hear from me any more, theys 35 bucks sewed in my derby to pay for my embalming.

So long kid, with all my LOVE.

Your own, Socko.

Watch for the continuation of this snappy correspondence. More letters will be published soon.



JIM LARKIN put down his tin plate precisely on the earth beside him, rose unhurriedly, hitched his gun belt, tilted his trail-battered Stetson forward over one calm dark eye, and strolled out to meet the three mounted men approaching the horse camp.

He drawled cool pleasant greeting as his visitors drew rein. The trio did not dismount. Shack Henderson, big and bull-like of eye and temper, loomed over Larkin; he demanded with blunt passion, "Where's that woman of mine, Jim Larkin?"

"Woman?" Larkin frowned, cocked an eye at Henderson. "Now, Shack Henderson, what on earth would I know about your woman?"

"That's damned well what I'm here to find out!" snapped Henderson. "She pulled out from the ranch night 'fore last and hit the trail after you. She took one of my horses and travel gear. We followed her tracks till they were lost in the tracks of your horse band. Now, where is she?"

Larkin was a much younger man, but not the man to shake or to figure out easily. He shook his head in mild wonder. "What you been doing to your woman lately, Henderson?"

Henderson's eyes grew small. "I've helped hang a man for meddling with another man's woman. I want to know—and damned quick—where have you got her?"

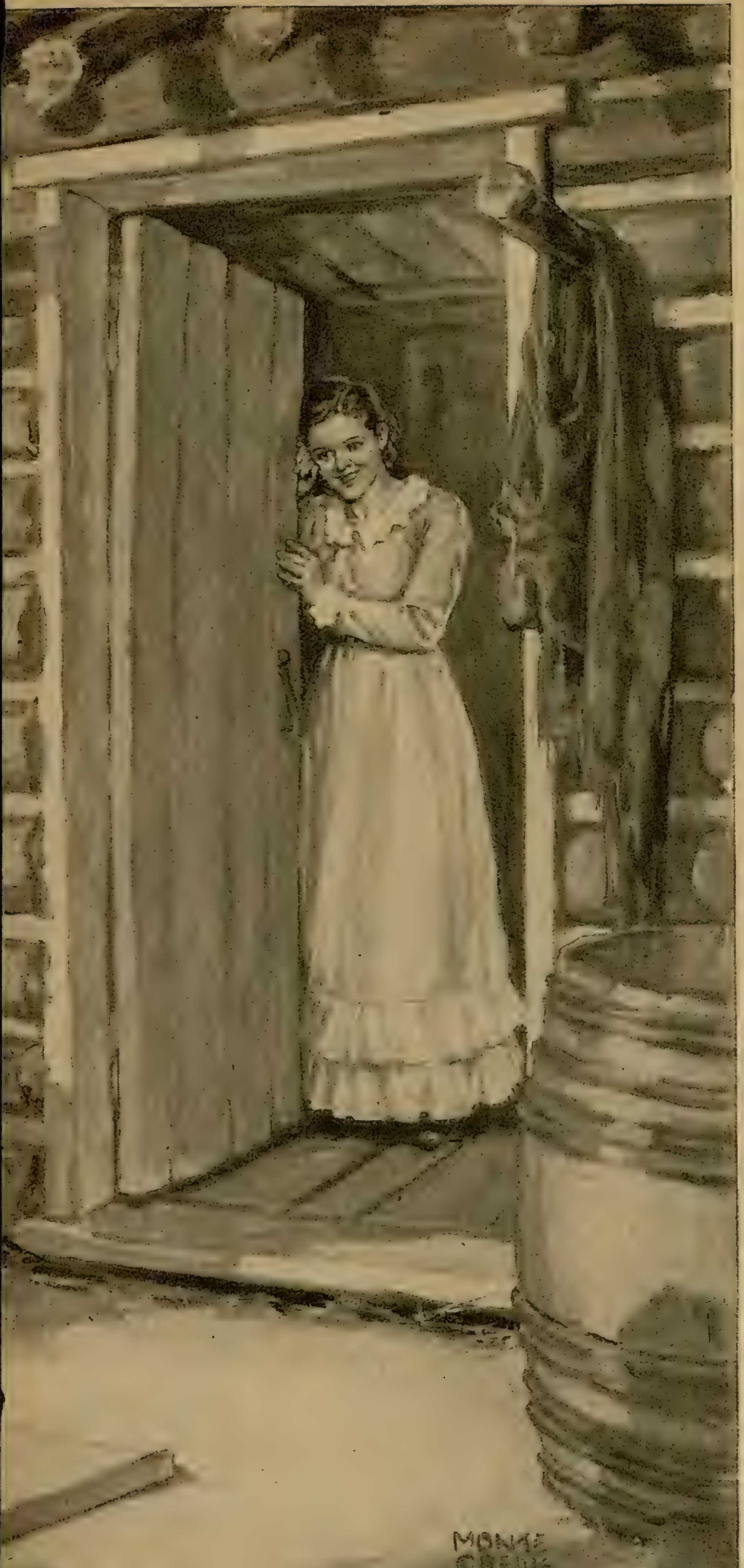
The WOMAN of LITTLE BUFFALO

A Stirring Tale of Trouble on the Trail and Honor at Grips with Love

by WILLIAM CORCORAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



As Larkin raised the tin dipper, he had encountered over its rim the gaze of the woman, watching him.

"Henderson," said Larkin, with a deceptive dreamy density of perception, "I don't reckon I'd tolerate your kind of woman around here. I don't know. If I knew her whereabouts, I might tell you—providing they were sufficiently far away from you."

Henderson, for all his fury, was at a loss, baffled, and deep color mounted in his face. His men, Comanche and Blackjack, sat their saddles behind him, looking, listening.

Henderson snapped an order over his shoulder. "Cut that horse herd! If that white-stocking sorrel is here, she's here."

The two riders immediately loped off toward the horses. Promptly Larkin's men came to their feet. But Larkin gave them a look, and they relaxed, glowering.

There was no white-stockinged sorrel. Henderson was snarling, reluctant to accept defeat.

"I ain't so sure at all about this, Jim Larkin. She had plenty of time to mount and tail out of here beyond the herd somewhere."

Larkin looked at him. Tall, slender, powerful, young Jim Larkin could be an impressively dangerous figure of a man without even raising his voice. "Henderson, you're a fool as well as a blackguard and a scoundrel. You could hold me up and rob me readily when you had the only water for my horses within two days' run all fenced in. But you're away from that water now, and I don't have to tolerate you. You can see the woman's not here. If you don't get going, I won't answer for consequences."

"Consequences?" roared Henderson. "By Judas, you've got more damned consequences to worry about, Texas, than I'll ever have! That horse herd of yours is near crazed for water right now. God alone knows where you'll find any southward. And yet you stop to steal women—" He glared, cursed. "By Jerusalem, if you want trouble, I'm ready to give it to you!"

Larkin stared at him. Faintly, unreadably, dangerously, he smiled.

Henderson growled, but indecisively. He could read the signs plainly. Abruptly he headed his horse and rode off with his men.

No one spoke in the camp; they merely watched. Henderson and Comanche headed southward with the pack horse, while the third set a course northward for home.

"Well!" Larkin swore softly, grimly. "Heading south on the trail. Still after the woman. That means we'll see them again." . . .

They got rolling. They were three hundred horses and six wagons, lightly loaded. They lost sight of Henderson, far ahead. They sped southward, making time. It was late summer, and their year's work was almost done. Their thoughts were of Texas largely, of home.

Jim Larkin's thoughts were shared by another thing. The ranch on Little Buffalo Creek. More specifically, the woman of Little Buffalo Ranch. Henderson's ranch and Henderson's woman. The woman was a torment on his mind.

Jim Larkin first saw the woman on the Little Buffalo when he had left his large horse band watering at the pools down by the creek in the blazing sunset and walked up to the ranch-house well for the rare treat of a dipperful of cool, clear water. The well was just outside the door. As Larkin raised the tin dipper, he had encountered over its rim the gaze of the woman, watching him.

She was young, brown-haired, slight and slender, yet firm and pretty of figure in a faded blue gingham. The brown eyes, uncommonly lovely and large, were haunting.

She smiled slightly. "Hellow, cowboy. Driving south?"

"Howdy, ma'am!" He found his manners, smiled back. "I am. Making for Texas."

He recalled a few sly, insinuating references down at the pools to a Mrs. Shack Henderson.

"It must be right hard traveling this dry spell," she said. "Are you very far from home?"

"Been nigh a thousand miles. Set out the middle of April. I delivered three herds of mixed cattle on the North Platte in fine shape on the exact day of contract. That horse herd at the pools is three remudas thrown together. We had a time! But we made it and we're going home."

"You're pretty young for such big things."

"Not for a man with Texas rearing!" He grinned, ventured, "You're pretty young yourself, Miz Henderson, away out beyond all the womenfolk in old Starvation Territory."

"Starvation? Oh, you mean western Kansas! You think so?"

SHE stepped from the door shadows. Her quick glance toward the shallow muddy pools among the cottonwoods was lancelike and apprehensive. Her small round breasts rose and fell, her heart was beating hard. "Look! You're on the way to Texas. I know how you go. You'll pass by Dodge on the railroad, won't you?"

"I'm afraid not. I lost a man at Dodge coming up, shot dead, and I've no liking for Dodge. I reckon to make Salvo, Kansas, for supplies."

"Take me with you." She caught her breath. "Please take me with you. Please! I must get away. I don't belong here. I mustn't stay. I must get away! I wouldn't ask you if I wasn't—oh, downright *desperate!*"

He sweated a little, overpowered by the passion in her voice. "I'm right sorry, ma'am. But I can't possibly take a woman with my outfit."

"You can! You don't *know*. I can ride. You can leave me at Salvo. Leave me anywhere."

"The trail is no place for a woman any time."

"Do you think *this* is any place for a woman?"

He could not look at her. There was a little fever in his veins at the thought of this she wanted of him, at thought of taking her, guarding her, of feeling her nearness in the lonely plains by day and by night.

But there were his outfit, his men, and his responsibility for their safety and preservation. No knowing what lay ahead. "I can't do it, ma'am," he said doggedly. "I haven't the right. I'm sorry." He turned to go.

"Wait!" she ejaculated, not too loud, fearfully. "Listen to me! Don't leave me! I'll never get the chance again!" And she was sobbing after him.

But he was gone, desperately, cursing to himself.

As Larkin approached the pools he spied Henderson awaiting him. There was tension in the set of the big man's shoulders and suspicion in his brutal unpleasant face.

"You been up to the house?" he asked.

"I've been thinking of buying the place, so I looked it over," Larkin replied in a tone that matched the veiled insult in Henderson's. "I'm still a mite undecided between holding up the mails for a living or running a one-crop water ranch."

Henderson grunted, impervious to sarcasm. "You've been talking to her. What did she have to say?"

The hot retort on Larkin's tongue remained unspoken. No use making things worse. "I went up for a drink and we passed the time of day. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, I reckon." Henderson smiled, sneering a little. "But I'm mighty particular about the company in my home. Next time, wait till you're invited."

Larkin stood rigid, level-eyed, hating the man. It took him a moment to cool off. Then he turned on his heel without a word and strode away. . . .

THEY passed the night on the prairie, holding the horses under night herd, and were away at dawn. Larkin rode well ahead of point. He thought of last night, of a ranch-house window that glowed in the darkness and of a sleepless vigil he kept. He felt as if he had broken a faith.

Atop the ridge of a long swelling rise in the land, Larkin about noonday stood in the stirrups to survey a long thin line of cottonwoods and brush a half mile away in a wide shallow valley. No flash of sun on still dark waters met his eye, although here in spring a creek had rippled abundantly.

Then he stared fixedly at a point where the cowering foliage afforded deepest shade. A horse and rider rested there—*waited* there.

Larkin went down, with a queer feeling riding him, goading him. It was the woman of the Little Buffalo.

She was dressed in men's gear: rough, worn homespun trousers and cotton shirt and a tattered hat, too big, that served fairly to hide short dark hair. She wore a gun belt.

Jim Larkin dropped from the saddle. They stood for an instant looking at each other.

He moistened parched lips, spoke abruptly, "Miz Henderson—*what* in God's name you doing here?"

"Waiting." Her voice was low, and her eyes fell.

"Waiting for what?"

"For you." She looked at him under long lashes.

Larkin swore softly under his breath. "By God, I told you once I can't take you! I haven't the wish nor the right. It's no light matter to ride off with another man's woman picked up on the trail. My herd and my men come first before that."

"And what harm can a lone woman do to either of them?"

He was stumped. Either she failed to see, or she was brazenly beguiling him.

And then she suddenly put her little hands on his breast, begging.

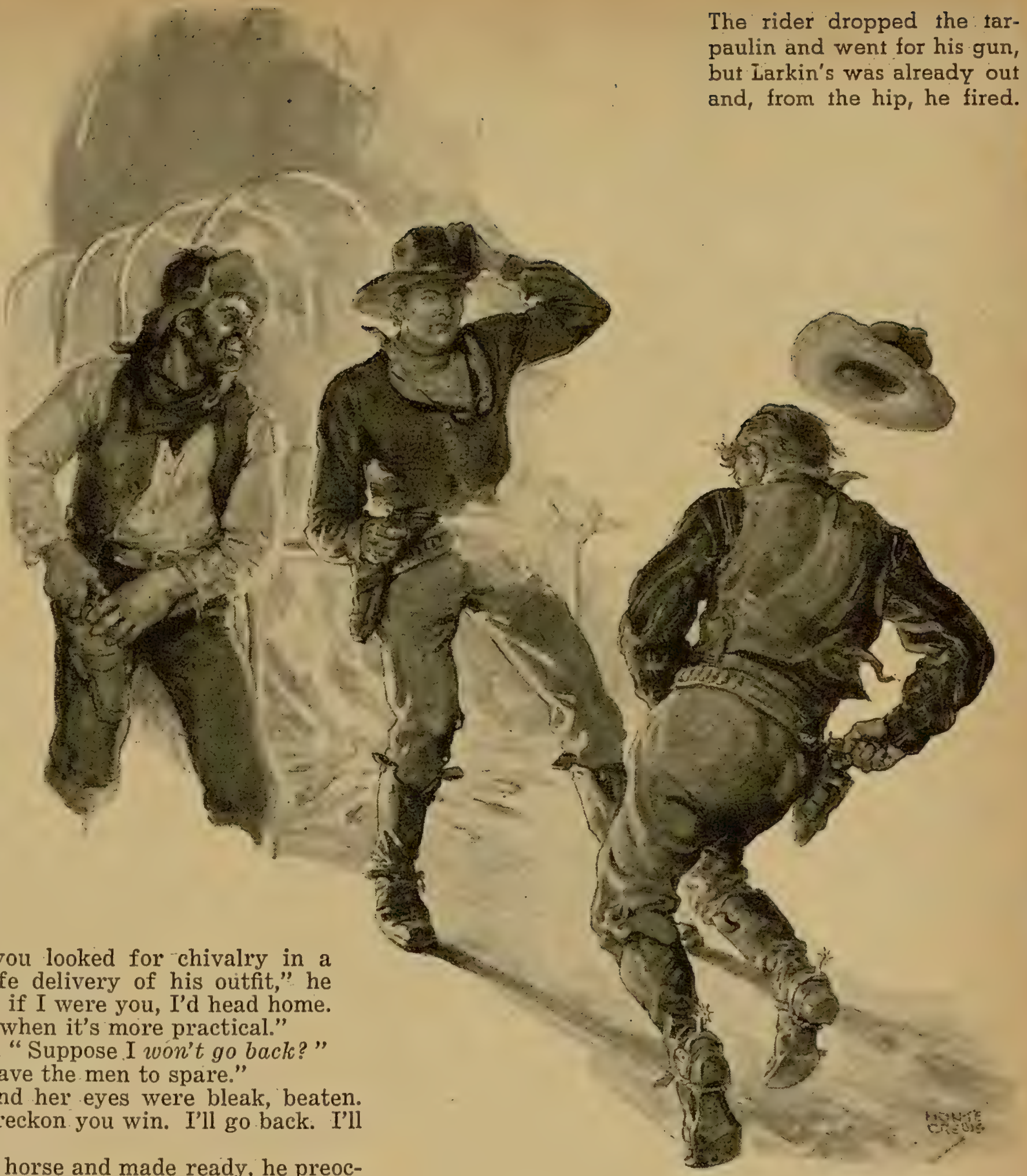
"Don't make me tell you all the things that drove me to this. Don't! You'd never believe me. You know what kind of man Shack Henderson is. I didn't know—in time."

"Have you no folks anywhere?"

"They're poor and far away. You're the first strange man I've talked to since I entered Shack Henderson's house. I'm afraid the chance won't come again—unless too late." She watched his face, his eyes. "Don't say no. Don't leave me here!"

He did not speak.

She said, "I can go anywhere you go. I can ride. I



The rider dropped the tarpaulin and went for his gun, but Larkin's was already out and, from the hip, he fired.

rode to here ahead of you. I quit last night. When they turned in past midnight I waited and crept out with this outfit on and took the horse and started. I rode all night. They always sleep late when no herds are expected, and I knew you'd be coming fast and get here ahead of them. So here I waited till you came."

He was dogged, cruelly logical. "And suppose they didn't sleep late? Then what? What if they come along later on and there's a fight and stampede and I lose my horses and a couple of men over a woman quitting a bad bargain?"

The little hands slipped slowly from him, hopeless. Then she spun suddenly to face him, blazing with anger.

"All I've heard of you Western men! Chivalry! Bravery! You're cowards, the lot of you—except when you can ride roughshod over a woman!"

"I'm mighty sorry you looked for chivalry in a man responsible for safe delivery of his outfit," he told her stonily. "Now if I were you, I'd head home. Leave him if you want, when it's more practical."

In a low tone she said, "Suppose I *won't go back?*"

"I can send you. I have the men to spare."

She looked at him, and her eyes were bleak, beaten. She said tonelessly, "I reckon you win. I'll go back. I'll go by myself."

While she went to her horse and made ready, he preoccupied himself rolling and lighting a cigarette with care.

The herd came.

It arrived with a rush and a cloud of dust. The horses advanced over the rise of land, guided by point riders, trotting, pausing, running, with snortings and arched necks and big eyes. In the van, the leader of the lot, paced a stolid old piebald mare.

They came down, and they went on without a halt, the wagons bumping along with them, for there was not even a patch of damp sand in the sun-baked bottom to delay the journey.

And a lone spectator watched that handsome, gallant parade, a small forlorn mounted figure mute and motionless on the edge of the silent cottonwoods.

AS the day increased the bated heat increased. The stillness was intensified. The sun was molten and the sky turned incandescent. Horses and men alike were brittle of temper, unpredictable.

Jim Larkin drove them, and they sped, fiercely. They made dry camp that night in the same desert they had left at dawn. Old Jerry, the cook, stood grim guard over the water barrel. The night watchers were doubled.

The dawn was a little dread, and they were off to southward beforetime.

It was during that day's noontime stop that Shack Henderson with his men came riding over the horizon in search of the errant woman of the Little Buffalo.

Afterward, old Alamo rode ahead of point with his boss as they drove on southward during the afternoon. He was a little grim. He said bluntly, "Jim Larkin, I saw you talking to Henderson's woman yesterday. Where was she heading?"

"How in hell should I know?" demanded Larkin. They were all on edge.

"You saw her last," Alamo retorted a little hotly. "What were her intentions?"

"To ride with us, I told you. I sent her back."

"She didn't go home. She's been twenty-four hours out here somewhere alone and likely lost. I reckon you know what that means this kind of weather."

Larkin's face was a mask, and he spoke with set jaw. "I've been thinking about it, and I've been thinking of several other things. You feel that wind? You see that sky down southward? What do they mean to you?"

Alamo said quietly, "Trouble! That's sand down there and it's flying high. Sand—and maybe a twister."

"Then you know what's heaviest on my mind. Dammit, Alamo! We've got to make to water before that hits us. We're too far gone to turn back to the Little Buffalo pools. There may be a seep of water at the Wallows. There's *got* to be! We've *got* to get there!" He paused, and the fierceness went out of him a little. His voice was flat, hard, and unemotional. "I know all's on your mind, Alamo. But you've got a job ahead. Go and do it. Press the boys, and press those horses. I'm riding ahead."

Jim Larkin rode before, facing that awesome sky. The hot wind heaved and pushed at him like a living thing. The golden sun turned brazen, and its enveloping heat was the heat of a world of invisible flame.

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The woman—he thought of the liquid dark eyes pleading, and that stark and final look on her face.

He cursed as he went, and kept going.

Day's end brought no water. The Wallows were dry. The horses were red-eyed, swollen of tongue, erratic as if touched with fevered delirium.

"We'll drive until dark," Larkin ordered tersely. "It'll be a job to night-herd them. There'll be a bit of moonlight and we may get under way before sunup. That storm will settle it one way or the other."

The fierce wind had increased. About the cook wagon they bolted a cold meal without appetite.

Young Kelcey jumped up suddenly and peered northward into the dusk. He uttered a sharp ejaculation and ran for his mount. They all stared and made out what had aroused him. It was a rider, lurching in the saddle on an exhausted horse.

Larkin sprang up and joined Kelcey. They sped their horses, and Larkin broke into a gallop with an oath of fierce unaccountable emotion.

It was the woman of the Little Buffalo.

She did not speak, except to beg in a desperate whisper for water. She was aware of them, but did not recognize them. Her face was gaunt, her body fevered. Jim Larkin lifted her from the saddle and into his arms, and raced back to camp.

Larkin was a man a little beside himself, but he knew the ordeal of thirst and how best to handle it. Silently, persistently, he ministered to her.

THE night came and the stars shone before she finally looked at Larkin and knew him sanely, with the fever clear from her brain and the racking anguish from her body. She whispered, "I'm awful sorry. I remember seeing you so far off. I headed your way, hoping it was another herd. I didn't want to trouble you more."

"We won't talk about trouble now," he told her. "You've had two men's share, I reckon. Did you try to head back north?"

She looked away, and even in exhaustion her face hardened. "I was heading south, for Dodge. I got lost."

"What's in Dodge that takes you there?"

"I don't know. It's the only place I know of."

He could not speak.

In a minute she spoke again, "I'm only trouble here. I don't belong anywhere. Please don't be mad at me." She began to cry.

Larkin tried to tell her not to, tried to stay that quiet hopeless weeping, but he failed, and he sat there helpless.

When she went into exhausted sleep, he stayed with her, brooding, looking at her in the firelight. There was an emotion in him a little too fierce for tenderness.

As the last guard was changing, Larkin left the wagon. He questioned the incoming riders about the condition of the horses. Old Alamo reported.

"Bad, bad," he said ominously. "They ain't only thirsty and ructious on that account alone, but the brutes is smelling storm and trouble in the air."

"Stampede?"

"I can't believe it's possible in their condition. But if they move, at a walk or a run, there'll be no stopping them."

Larkin looked upward. No star, no least gleam, showed anywhere. "That storm is flying high. If we're lucky, it'll pass clean over. We'll start them moving first light."

WILLIAM CORCORAN

was born at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, September 25, 1901, and was educated at St. Ann's Academy, New York City. Formerly editor of two national magazines, he soon became a contributor to some of the leading magazines in the country. He was married last year.

LARKIN was crawling into the blankets near the wagon when out of the darkness and the night there came a human hail, announcing visitors. He was up again immediately. A rider not yet asleep sat up, swearing indignantly.

"Damned idiots! What are they doing? Do they want to set off the herd?"

"Up!" snapped Larkin. "We're lucky they gave us warning. Hide that woman. Hang a tarpaulin over the side of the wagon. Then throw some chips on the fire."

In a moment the dull red embers of the fire blazed again, and by its light they saw two riders come out of the night at a wary singlefoot. They were Henderson and his man Comanche.

There was no fight in Henderson at this moment. There was fear in him. He was red-eyed and worn. He made for the simmering coffeepot and drank a cupful greedily.

"I'm telling you to get to hell out of here!" he urged. "Get going fast. Never mind the horses; you'll lose them anyway. That storm will hit you before morning, and if you don't make it to shelter first, you'll never come out of it alive."

Larkin snorted, wary, yet relieved at their errand. "There's no shelter within a day's ride of here. If it's coming you can't outrace it. It looked to me at sunset like it's flying over."

"Looked, hell! I've seen it before, but never this size. This is something new in the country, man. It's those damn settlers and their plowing! That cloud you saw is the topsoil of a couple of counties on the move northeast. It can smother a man in twenty minutes, and I'm running. There's a granger has a sod house back off the trail a piece about an hour's riding north of here, and I'm making for his claim. You can do as you damned please!"

"I've got a valuable horse herd to

after," said Larkin. But inside him he was cold.

Henderson swore and drained the cup. He spat viciously, suddenly remembering. He had at least one hard satisfaction: the thought of the woman alone on the plains tonight.

There flashed an uncanny murky light that filled the world for an instant.

"The dust!" yelled Henderson, looking upward. "Did you see it, by God?"

But Larkin spun to face the herd, listening. It came, quick as an explosion: the drumming of frenzied hoofs.

The horses were off. It was stampede—and they were headed, by the sound, to southward, into the black dread maw of the storm.

Larkin yelled, awakening the sleepers. "In the saddle! Head them anywhere but south! *Get going!*"

They got going desperately in the pitch darkness.

Larkin watched them go, burning, cursing silently. They were riding to save not only a fortune that galloped to destruction but the very name and honor of their calling. And he remained behind.

Henderson stood listening, awed, half gratified by calamity occurring to another. "My God, listen to them! One sure thing—they damned well won't go far! With no water in them, they'll drop dead by the dozens."

The fire blazed high. Comanche piled on fuel. Larkin glanced at him narrowly; glanced toward the wagon where the tarpaulin flapped a little in the wind. There came no sign from behind it. The man walked about, searching for chips, gathering them. Larkin watched him. Something was coming.

"Come along," Henderson ordered. "In the saddle and on the way." He paused, looking at Larkin in sudden speculation, in dim suspicion and challenge. "How is it you're here? Why ain't you with your men?"

Larkin shrugged. "For my own good reason. If there's no word from the herd—well, maybe I can fix to ride north myself."

COMANCHE, circling about, veered near the wagon, made a sudden determined lunge and jerked the tarpaulin violently aside.

The woman's face, pale and frightened, peered out at them from her pallet.

There was no parley, no explaining this. The rider dropped the tarpaulin and went for his gun. But Larkin's was already out, and even as the barrel lined on the rider from the hip, he fired. The man recoiled and coughed, instantly half paralyzed.

Henderson yelled from one side, "Drop it, Larkin! Damn your living lights—*drop it!*"

Larkin looked. Henderson's forty-four was level and true and the cocked hammer hung by a hair. Henderson's face was ugly and evil.

Glittering of eye, Larkin dropped his weapon.

Henderson came near. He thrust the hard steel gun muzzle full into Larkin's ribs. He snarled, "So you didn't know anything about my woman, Larkin?"

Larkin said nothing. His jaw was rigid.

Henderson said, "You wouldn't have my kind of woman around here, you psalm-singing buzzard, would you?" Then he shouted, "Talk, you damned jayhawker!"

"She came reeling into camp half dead of thirst at sundown," said Larkin in clipped tones. "I did what I had to."

"But you didn't have to say anything about it, eh?"

"No," snarled Larkin. "I didn't. Not to you."

"That's all I need to know!" Henderson cursed, breathing through nostrils that flared with passion.

Comanche was crumpled to earth, calling to them in a voice that merely whispered, calling in vague terror. Larkin said, "Your pardner's in a right bad fix. You'd better look after him."

"To hell with him! He's finished and that's his lookout." Henderson kicked Larkin's gun a safe distance away and strode for the tarpaulin.

Larkin watched, tense, unmoving.

THE rider on the ground was looking at Henderson. His eyes were white and big and a little crazed. He looked fixedly, unbelievingly. There was blood on his mouth and hatred in the failing rattle in his throat. He tried to curse suddenly. With a stupendous effort he rose to his knees and brought up his gun.

But Henderson spied him from the corner of one eye. He flailed out one foot, caught Comanche's gun with a vicious boot toe. It flew violently from Comanche's grasp, hurtling in the air.

Larkin looked, uttered a desperate oath, and sprang high in the firelight, to reach the tumbling weapon as it fell. He caught it, righted it, saw Henderson whirl in sudden realization, saw him fire wildly, point-blank.

Larkin pulled trigger deliberately, surely. He fired three times. When he was done, Henderson lay sprawled on the prairie, dead.

Comanche laughed an exultant, savage laugh and fell over sideways. One hand fluttered as he lay there. Larkin, shaken almost to trembling, could not deny him; he went to the water barrel and filled the tin cup with water. He said tersely, "Sorry, pardner—you asked for it."

"Hell, I begged for it!" whispered Comanche. "I was a sucker born."

"Looks bad," Larkin said. "Anything you care to talk about?"

The man was going fast, but the water soothed a little. "He was no good, the sheep-smelling so-and-so! I'm damn glad you got him. He had it coming a long time!" Comanche tried to laugh, jeering his dead employer's memory, but succeeded only in a ghastly grin. "I reckon I can tell you about it, Larkin. About the

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woman. She was his housekeeper. The prettiest he's ever had; he took a real shine to her. He's run through a string of them. He puts ads in the Kansas City papers, or even Chicago. Then he packs them off to Dodge or Hayes City when he gets tired. The parlors is always recruiting."

"I'm listening, pardner," said Larkin, and wondered how he could sound calm and cool with a world upheaving inside him. "Easy does it."

"The gal lit out with you because it was her only chance. I said the hell with her, but the boss was raging. The boss didn't let them go 'till he was good and ready, and he was damned far from ready with this one. She fought him, she held out like a hellcat, he couldn't break her. We all seen it. She thought that ad was straight and she wouldn't break. And that's the story, Texas, goddam your eyes! Don't worry about Blackjack; he'll crawl when he finds he's alone. Good luck with her!"

And that was the end of the tether for the man named Comanche.

Larkin crouched for a moment motionless beside the still form. He closed his eyes, alone now, collecting himself. It was an effort to summon rational thought, to master the fierce wild exultation that threatened to unman him.

The night was silent but for the sound of the ever-rising wind. Its muted voice was ominous. There was no least sight or sound of the vanished herd.

The woman was calling and Larkin sprang to her. Rather, now, he went to the girl. And a little girl she was, and helpless truly. Her eyes, reflecting the fire glow, were curiously brilliant and beautiful as she looked at him, looked hungrily, intensely glad.

"I heard it all," she said. "It's all true."

"I believe it! Girl, this minute I'm a mighty humble man."

"I was near to the end when you came along and I wanted to go with you. He was a hard man and I was alone."

"You're not alone now," he said. He added, "I never once suspected."

"No." And she eyed him keenly. "If that man hadn't told you there, you'd never have known or believed. You wouldn't have listened to me—you'd have thought surely I lied."

"Likely so," he admitted. "That's the way of a man."

"Then you'll take me to Dodge City?"

He smiled. He shook his head. "I wouldn't take a dog to Dodge this season of the year."

"Where can I go?"

He paused. In his mind there was a thought, a rash thought and an unconquerable one, quickening, riding him with spurs.

"I'll tell you," he said suddenly. "It looks mighty like the horses are altogether lost. I don't know but what we're lost ourselves, to boot. If we pull through there won't likely be enough of the herd left worth driving. I can sell what's left at Salvo, along with the wagons, and take the train. Do you reckon you could come along to Texas?"

"Texas? With the outfit?"

"With me."

HE talked, telling her of Texas, of his small ranch, of his good prospects, his fine neighbors and their loyalty and trust. They had all joined together in common cause in the spring, combining their herds, and electing him to the grave responsibility of trail herder. He had suffered under the weight of it at moments, but he had not failed them. They would rejoice on his return, and they would doubly rejoice to welcome her.

She stared and there was infinite wonder in her gaze. She perceived a real thing, and she doubted it, was unable to accept it on the instant. Yet, instinctively she knew it belonged--belonged to this land of violence and gamble with fate, of instinctive living and close communion with the primal sources of existence, the roots and earth and animals and the inscrutable prairie gods. And she smiled, and there was a radiance about her, despite her suffering, her exhaustion and despair.

"I'll go to Texas," she said unreservedly, intensely happy, her breath catching and the tears welling up. "I'll go anywhere you say, whether the horses are saved or lost. I wish I could go like this, the way you do—in the saddle, over the prairie, under the sky."

The dust was heavier; the air was harsh with it. Heavy was Larkin's heart with what was coming, for the girl, for his horses, for every living thing.

But her eyes drew him. His heart leaped, and the weight with it. He did not care. They were alive now, this very moment. God, simply to be alive was plenty for any moment!

Abruptly he leaned down close and kissed her, and her lips were waiting and welcomed him.

They were together, alive and exultant; they would always be together, whatever, whenever the end. It was to be so.

A SINGLE quick hissing sound disturbed the spell. There was another. They looked, but saw nothing. Even as they looked there came a third—from the fire. Before they could make out this mystery, the hissing became a sudden tiny steady sound in the night.

Larkin leaped up, swearing, incredulous. He looked upward into the black heavens and he stretched out his hands. On his dry dust-laden face and on his parched hands fell water, great heavy drops that beat benignly against all his body.

Rain!

It was that sudden. One moment there was desperation; the next, incredible salvation. Above and beyond the storm great regiments of rain clouds marshaled for battle. The downpour increased and persisted. It poured, beating the earth.

The everlasting miracle of nature was in process over a hundred miles—parched dying miles now saved to live again.

Larkin exultantly drew the girl out from the shelter of the wagon so that her own face might feel the blessing of the rain. He yelled, and she laughed and cried. It came in torrents. It was laden with dust brought down from a mile above; it soaked the avid earth and drenched the world; but no matter, it gave back life to those who had lost it.

Revived immeasurably, she stood with him, leaning against him within his arm, to watch the cool gray dawn arise in a world of steady rain. They looked to southward, too, for somewhere down there another miracle was being wrought. Beyond any doubt in the world the rain had extinguished that mad stampede. Somewhere down there, strung along a rushing torrential creek bottom, the horses would be gathered, snatched from destruction, calmed and happy in the smell and taste and feel of water without stint.

There was work to be done, severe work, for their very greed would tempt the animals into holes and mud traps and quicksand, and they must be aided and saved from themselves.

But enough that thirst was gone.

He told her all about this, and she said to him, "You won't have to sell them now. It's crazy maybe, but they looked so good to me once that I don't want to leave them. You've got wagons and lots of room and gear and time to spare. You'll drive them south, won't you, and take me with you?"

He looked at her and laughed, and he shook his head. "Why, I never heard of such stubborn craving in all my days! It's certainly contrary to all right and reason."

"Right and reason!" she jeered.

He sighed. "But if that's what you're dead set on, you'll have it. I know a man in Salvo who can take care of you."

She stiffened a little in alarm. "Man? Take care of me? Who?"

"His name is Judge Bent, and he can swear you out a will or a warrant at the drop of a hat."

She looked blank, urgent.

He said dryly. "He also marries people on demand."

She choked, and clung to him fiercely, and looked laughing and scolding up into his smiling eyes.

And the rain fell on them, together. Forever.

THE END

THROW THAT BALL!

A Slogan Is Born as the Gridiron Mentors Teach an Old Game New Tricks

by FRANCIS J. POWERS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A lateral pass — "a devastating weapon available to every coach."

THERE are few changes in intercollegiate football rules this season. One, which is more a clarification than a change, is important:

A provision was added to the dead-ball rule making it permissible for a runner "who is still on his feet, even though in the grasp of an opponent, to run, pass, and kick until the whistle is blown. In this particular provision the whistle will be the deciding factor and will remove any question that was possible under the 1934 rules, when the ball could be judged dead and brought back even though the whistle had not been sounded."

Since a runner cannot kick or run while in the grasp of an opponent, the intent of the interpretation is to encourage lateral and forward passing, but mainly lateral and backward passing. Coaches, who in convention have contended that the defense in football was overbalancing the offense, now have a powerful strategic and ground-gaining weapon at their command in lateral and backward passes and the combined forward and lateral pass.

The lateral and backward pass is nothing new. Coaches merely have permitted its vast possibilities to lie dormant for many years. But now that Andrew Kerr, shrewd coach of Colgate University, and Francis A. Schmidt, the clever tactician of Ohio State University, have successfully demonstrated the practicality of lateral passing and the game needs additional offensive weapons, other coaches are certain to adapt it to their systems of attack. The slogan of the 1935 season well may be: "Throw that ball!"

Kerr at Colgate has utilized the lateral pass for several seasons, and since the Red Raiders of the Chenango Valley started throwing the ball around they have consistently rated as one of the great teams of the country. Schmidt, who came to Ohio State last year from Texas Christian, quickly drove rival Western Conference coaches to distraction with a complicated and baffling pass attack that rolled up huge scores.

A lateral-passing game offers no end of variety and can quickly wreck the poise of the stoutest defense. It not only permits the backs and ends to handle the ball but makes potential carriers of tackles and guards. Every player becomes eligible to handle the ball after a forward pass is completed downfield, and it is down the field that the lateral will serve its greatest purpose. The introduction of guards and tackles into ball carrying will make for faster linemen and tend to make slow and beefy forwards passé. While most lateral-pass plays are prearranged, every play can carry the threat, and that will stimulate the alertness of players.

"Lateral passes make the game more interesting for players," says Francis A. Schmidt. "They also lessen chances of injury and give small men an opportunity to play and excel even on the strongest teams."

The unlimited possibilities of lateral passing were aptly demonstrated in the 1934 Ohio State-Michigan game. On one of the Buckeyes' plays the ball changed hands four times as a twenty-yard gain was made. Dye, the quarterback, took the ball from center and shoveled it to Busick, coming around from left end. Busick lateraled to Boucher, the right halfback, who in turn forward-passed to Dye, who had sprinted down the field. Colgate several times last season completed pass plays in which four and five players participated.

Speed and power always will remain the fundamentals of offense. But when the lateral is cleverly combined with a strong running and bucking game it becomes one of the most devastating weapons ever introduced on the gridiron. And it is available to every coach.

DEVELOPMENT of lateral passing will bring defensive counter movements. One of the first will be high tackling, for it will be necessary to pin the arms rather than the legs. Speed also will be a greater requisite on defense. Ends must smash with the idea of hurrying passes or breaking up plays before they are well under way. Defensive halfbacks must come up fast to prevent plays from getting beyond the line of scrimmage. Tackles and guards also will need additional speed to chase lateral-pass receivers. Lateral passing speeds up the defense as well as the offense. But for the time the advantage will be with the team throwing the ball.

Not every coach will immediately make the lateral pass a strong part of his offensive repertory. But nearly all of the leaders are adding variety to their methods of attack. Schmidt uses no less than five different formations: short and deep punt, single and double wing, and a variation of the Notre Dame backfield shift. Howard Jones at University of Southern California was a pioneer in variety football and has had as many as seven distinct formations in one season. Michigan has added a single wing back to its traditional short punt as a supplement to its famed "punt, pass, and prayer" offense.

The Notre Dame system has fared better against increasing defensive power than almost any other style of offense, although a few of Rockne's more brilliant disciples have made successful changes in offensive tactics.

A coach who employs a set offense without variations now finds his stratagems balked unless he has superior man power, and few consistently have it. Bob Zuppke of Illinois constantly is changing offensive tactics, and there is no better or more successful coach.

Lateral passing will make football a better game for the players and a better game for the spectators. It will change the old battle cry of "Hit that line!" to "Throw that ball!"

THE END

How I Captured HAUPTMANN

The Complete and Authentic Inside Story, Never Told Before, of the Greatest Man-Hunt of Modern Times

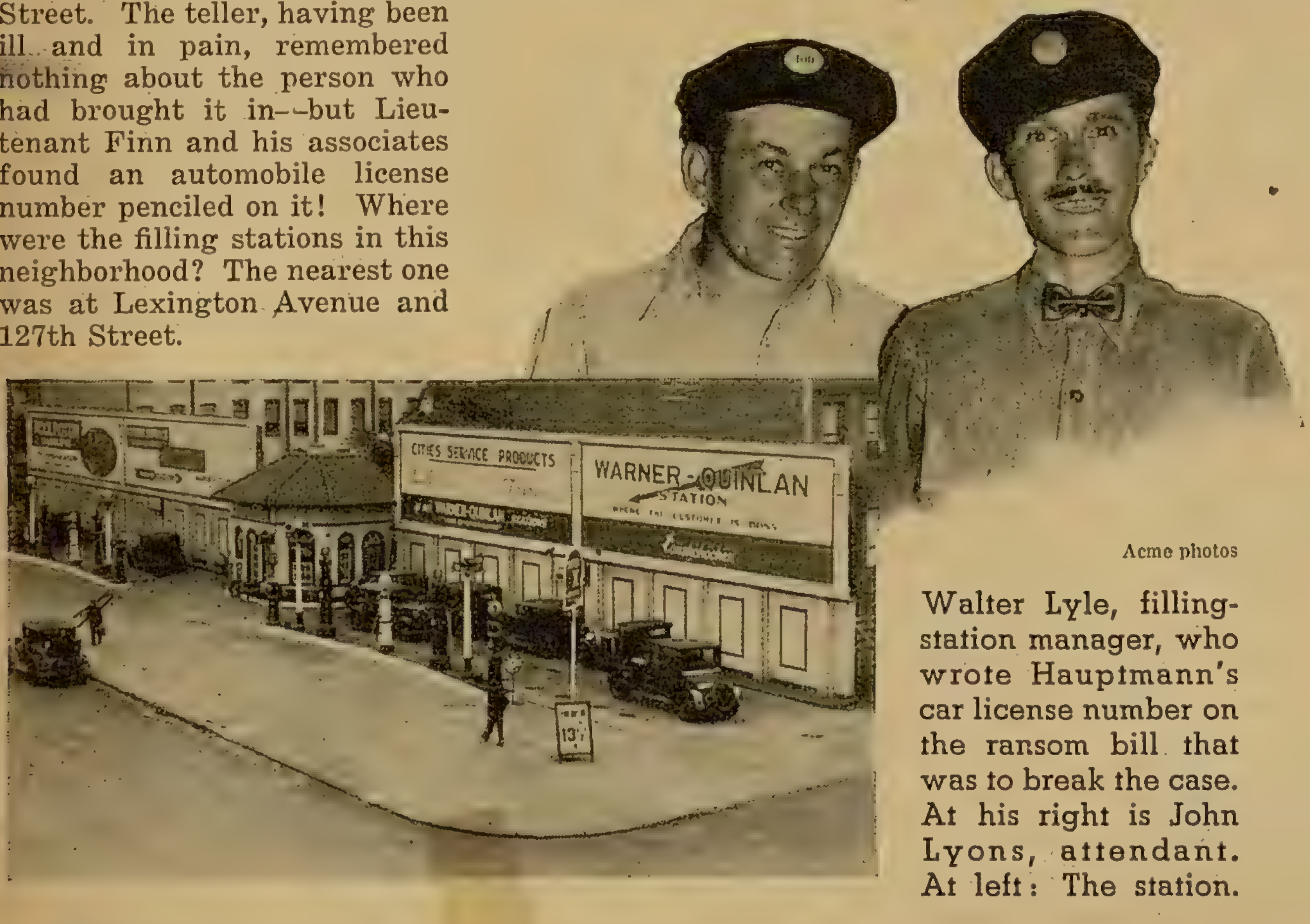
by LIEUTENANT JAMES J. FINN
OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT
and D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

FOR thirty months a big map of the five boroughs of New York City hung on the wall of Lieutenant Finn's office in the Greenwich Street station. As time went on, the Manhattan and Bronx sheets of this map began to bristle with pins, each marking a point to which a Lindbergh ransom bill had been traced. Slowly the pins localized the accustomed rounds and habits of the man who was spending the ransom money. But not until a year and nine months after the kidnaping did he give the hunters on his "money trail" a real glimpse of him through the eyes of a good observer.

It was in the evening of November 26, 1933, that he made the first of his three great mistakes. He was so surly and overbearing to a movie theater's cashier that she took notice of him; she was able to describe him next day when the ransom bill he threw at her was traced back to her window. Nine months more were to elapse, however, before his second mistake. This time he berated a bright young clerk in a fruit-and-vegetable store who had hesitated to change a ten-dollar bill he had offered when paying six cents for a cabbage. After that, when questioned by Lieutenant Finn, the young fellow could describe him to a dot.

His third and fatal blunder came to light some ten days later. A ten-dollar ransom bill was caught in a branch bank at Park Avenue and 125th Street. The teller, having been ill and in pain, remembered nothing about the person who had brought it in—but Lieutenant Finn and his associates found an automobile license number penciled on it! Where were the filling stations in this neighborhood? The nearest one was at Lexington Avenue and 127th Street.



Acme photos

Walter Lyle, filling-station manager, who wrote Hauptmann's car license number on the ransom bill that was to break the case. At his right is John Lyons, attendant. At left: The station.

PART FIVE—4U13.41 . . . AND ITS OWNER

IT did look as if at last we were on the right track; and I would like to be able to say that it was due to the extraordinary perspicacity of Lieutenant Jimmy Finn, but this was not entirely so.

Of course, I had from the first had implicit faith in the efficacy of following the ransom trail and had given my best efforts for thirty months to that job. So much was true. I will go even further in my own behalf: I had had enough faith that we would catch the kidnaper through a bill used for the purchase of gasoline to have had several thousand copies of the list of ransom numbers printed and distributed, through the managers of the big oil companies, to their stations in different parts of the Greater City, upstate New York, New Jersey, eastern Pennsylvania, and Connecticut.

As it happened, however, the big national oil companies took all our supply and there were no lists left for even such important local companies as Warner-Quinlan. So this bill, if it was the right one and if it had been discovered at this particular station, had not come into our possession through any such deep-laid plan.

Walter Lyle, the manager at the filling station, struck me immediately as a pleasant-mannered, eager-eyed, honest-looking young fellow. I gave him the usual story about counterfeit passers. Had he jotted down a license number on a gold certificate two days before?

"I certainly did," he promptly answered.

"Do you remember the man who gave you that bill?"

"I remember him perfectly. He was driving a 1931 Dodge sedan. He looked like a Scandinavian and he spoke with an accent."

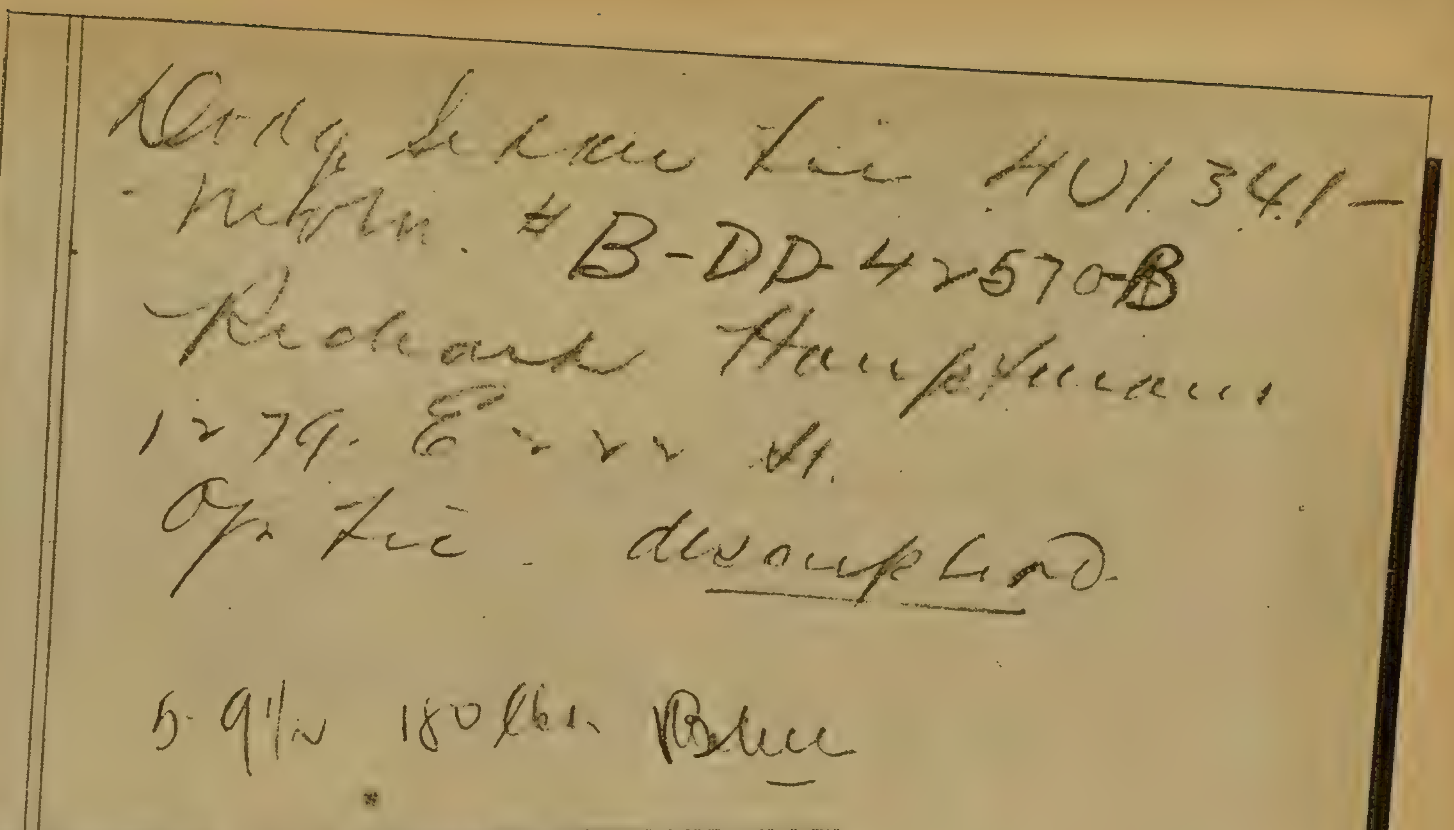
"What sort of business did he seem to be in? Have you any idea on that?"

"He looked like a dressed-up workman."

This was clearly the man.

"Why do you remember him so clearly?" I asked.

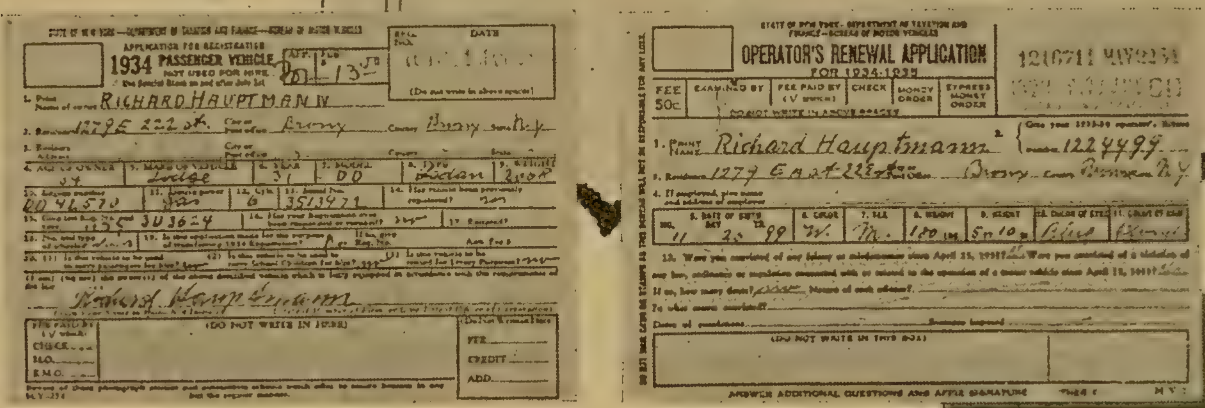
"Well, when I looked at that bill he gave me and saw it was a gold certificate, I didn't want to get stuck. I told him the banks weren't accepting gold certificates.



Dodge Sedan Lic 4U13.41 -
Regtn. # B-DD-42570-B
Richard Hauptmann
1279 E 222 St.
Op Lic [illegible]

5-9½ 180 lbs Blue

Right: A thrilling memento of Lieut. Finn's great man-hunt—the piece of yellow foolscap on which he scribbled Hauptmann's name and address, until then undiscovered, as he got them on the phone from Gus Reich in the Bureau of Motor Vehicles.



APPLICATION FOR REGISTRATION
1934 PASSENGER VEHICLE
NOT USED FOR HIRE
1. Print Name of owner RICHARD HAUPTMANN
2. Residence 1279 E 222 st. Bronx County Bronx N.Y.
Dodge 31 DD Sedan
DD 42570 6 3513471
Richard Hauptmann
(DO NOT WRITE IN HERE)
CHECK
M.O.
E.M.O.
FEE
CREDIT
ADD

OPERATOR'S RENEWAL APPLICATION
FOR 1934-1935
FEE 50c
EXAMINED BY
FEE PAID BY (✓ which)
CHECK
MONEY ORDER
EXPRESS MONEY ORDER
1. Print Name Richard Hauptmann 1224499
Residence 1279 East 222 St. Bronx County Bronx N.Y.
11 26 99 W. M. 180 lbs 5 ft 10 in Blue
(DO NOT WRITE IN THIS BOX)
ANSWER ADDITIONAL QUESTIONS AND AFFIX SIGNATURE

Below: Hauptmann's 1934 applications as the Bureau had them in its files.

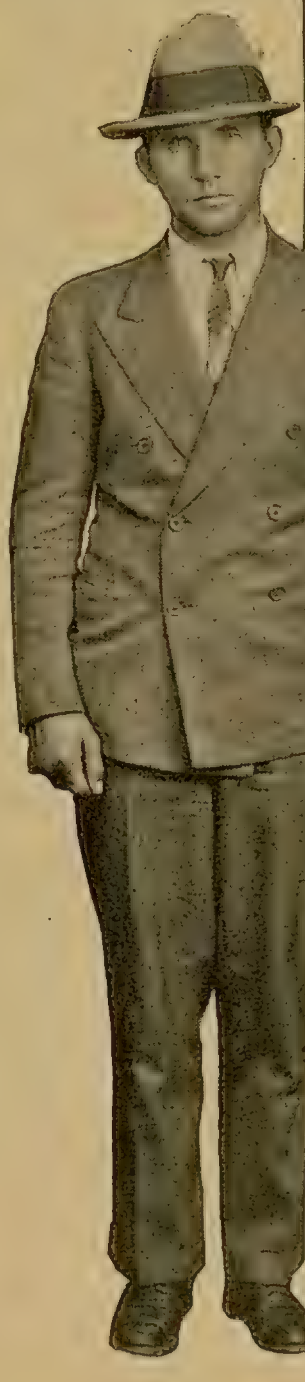
"'Sure they do,' he said to me in that Scandinavian or German accent. 'I have a hundred more of dese at home in the house.'"

At last, after more than two years, Jafsie's John had unwittingly boasted of his ill-gotten wealth.

"When he said that," Lyle continued, "I took a good look at him before I gave him the change. He started to get in his car and I started back toward the office. Then, when I got about ten feet back of his car, something made me turn around and notice the number, and I wrote it down on the margin of the bill. If there was any blame coming, I wanted him to get it and not me."

Lyle was a conscientious man who didn't know all the details of the emergency gold law. He didn't know, for one thing, that the hundred-dollar exemption would have given him nothing to worry about. But he was determined to keep clear, so he turned it over to his fellow station attendant, John Lyons, to take to the bank and get exchanged for "good" money. At the bank Teller Oznec unquestioningly exchanged it. Not one of these three men, Lyons, Lyle, or Oznec, had the slightest thought about Lindbergh ransom money while handling that bill. They played in luck, and so did we.

Now for the big move. I'll admit I was trembling a bit when I stepped to a telephone, asked for headquarters, and told the operator to give me the Bureau of Motor Vehicles. It was my old friend Gus Reich who answered the phone there. All I said was:



4U13·41
NY 34

"4U13.41"—that fateful license plate. At left: Hauptmann as he looked when captured.

"I've got a number, Gus, that I want you to look up—4U13.41."

"All right, Lieutenant," he said. "I'll have it right away—4U13.41."

Then silence, while Horn and Seery pressed closer to me. If my heart was beating faster, so were theirs. Then a click at the other end, and I held my breath. In the usual routine, Reich didn't waste a word:

"Name, Richard Hauptmann . . . 1279 East Two Hundred and Twenty-second Street . . ."

My pencil jotted it down as fast as he gave it.

"One thing more, Gus," I said. "Look up the operator's and chauffeur's licenses for the description."

The tenseness increased as we waited for that. Would it fit the picture we had been slowly building up? The owner of 4U13.41 might be a giant over six feet, might be anybody but the man we were after. The car that had driven into the filling station might have been stolen. The man who had passed the ten-dollar ransom note might not be the owner at all. Or even if he were, he might have got the note from somebody else.

A click. I pressed the receiver to my ear.

"Hello, that you, Lieutenant?"

"Go ahead, Gus," I said.

"Description: five feet nine and a half . . . hundred and eighty pounds . . . blue eyes . . . light brown hair . . . German . . . carpenter. I only have an operator's license on him, Lieutenant. If he had a chauffeur's license I'd have a picture."

"You have enough!" I said. My pencil had jotted "blue" and stopped with that.

"It fits?" Seery and Horn snapped.

"It couldn't fit better!"

The shadow and the substance had a name at last—Richard Hauptmann.

But who was Richard Hauptmann? What was his background? Who were his associates?

Did he have a family?

A child?

I dismissed the last idea as an impossibility. Anyhow, I had other things to do besides indulging in speculations. I must notify my chief, Inspector Lyons.

Thanks to the confidence reposed in me by my superiors, the job of finding the slayer of the Lindbergh baby had been mine. The job of arresting him was to be mine. Soberly I undertook the responsibility.

Ordinarily I would have taken a detective or two with me, reconnoitered his house to make sure he was there, and arrested him forthwith. But this was not an ordinary case. We had been following this man for two and a half years, and had learned a surprising number of things about him—but we had never seen him. If we didn't arrest him right away, if we let him go about his usual duties and pleasures, whatever they might be, we might add materially to our knowledge of him. We might discover—although we were positive we would not—that he had confederates. We might find ourselves following him to some cache where the ransom bills were hidden.

There were reasons, too, why it would be better to pick him up away from home. For one thing, he would be more apt to have some of the ransom bills on his person—at least the one bill which Dr. Schoenfeld had prophesied he would have. Caught around the house, he might not be fully dressed, and one item of indisputable evidence, the actual physical possession of the ransom money, would be lost to us.

There was an advantage, too, in letting him leave the house without any suspicion that he was being watched. Even in a quick attack he might have time to conceal or destroy important evidence, or tip off some one in the house to do it. If we got the excitement over somewhere else and returned later in an orderly manner, we would take the household unawares and find the evidence, such as it might be, intact.

ONE other very important consideration: we wanted this man alive. We wanted him to tell us many things. The chances would be much better in a well timed contact on the street than they would be in a sudden entry into his home. Even an honest citizen might resist such an intrusion. A crook was almost sure to. And for all we knew, 1279 East 222d Street might be such a little fortress that our only chance of getting into it would be to shoot our way in—which, of course, was the last thing we wished to do in this particular case.

All these things raced through my mind while I waited for Seery and Horn to return from calling up their respective offices. It had been agreed that the federal and Jersey people were to be informed and given a chance to participate in anything we did about the arrest, so I was not surprised to find that Federal Agent Sisk and Lieutenant Keaten of the New Jersey State Police had arranged with their representatives to join us on our way uptown at 150th Street and Mott Avenue. Both men had been active in the search for some months and were naturally eager to be in at the finish.

With these preliminaries duly attended to, Seery, Horn, and I—the Three Musketeers of the money trail—started uptown.

I have been asked many times what I thought about on that long ride from 127th Street in Harlem to 222d Street in the Bronx, and I have always refused to tell. Perhaps I was a little ashamed of having been so sort of sentimental. But now I don't mind saying that the one thought which dominated all others and gave me a quiet glow all over was the realization that, all said and done, *the finding of the Lindbergh slayer had been from the very beginning to the end a New York Police Department job.*

We had had able co-operation from Washington and Trenton. No one appreciated that fact more than I. But it had been the New York Police who had insisted from the beginning on following the trail of the ransom bills. It was the New York Police who had planned and directed and everlastingly stuck to the campaign which had brought us to the fateful bill. And now it was the New York Police who were about to arrest this Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

I wasn't thinking only of my work, or of the work of the particular bureau to which I was attached. I was thinking generally about the much abused New York policeman, and I was thanking my stars that I was one when the car we were riding in turned into East 222d Street.

THIS street lies out toward the extreme end of the Bronx, not far from the Westchester line—the very place where I had told Federal Agent Manning, over a year before, that we should find our man. It runs from Pelham Bay Park to Woodlawn Cemetery, adjoining Van Cortlandt Park. Approaching it, we had passed Fordham University, where Jafsie had taught, and had gone on by that historic highway, the Boston Post Road.

We were now entering this street of simple houses. Most of the houses were two and a half stories high. A good many of them were two-family but didn't look it. There were vacant lots and patches of trees. One of these homey small-town oases you come across in the outlying sections of the city.

These were homes, these little houses of wood and stucco with shingled roofs, and with neat bits of lawn and beds of flowers—homes apparently of simple, hard-working, God-fearing people.

And yet in one of them lived a creature who had not hesitated to go into the home of another man—a man who had never done him or anybody else the slightest harm—and had so destroyed the happiness of that home that its owner and his young wife had been forced to abandon the house of their dreams and flee to scenes which had not been blighted by this creature's filthy foot.

Number 1279—I scanned the doorplates—there it was!

A stucco house with a stone wall in front. A profusion of flowers, and a thick vine reaching upward to the four windows on the first floor at the front. Just beyond the house there was a vacant lot bordered by a lane. The lane led toward a heavy line of trees. Across it was a single-car garage.

Through the grove of trees beyond the garage we could just make out a building which seemed to be some sort of roadhouse or tavern. That is what it turned out to be—a German-style rustic restaurant, and an excellent place for us to pull up unobserved.

The proprietor little knew what was in store for him in profits and publicity when our group of quiet, unobtrusive customers rolled up to his door. He had been on the point of closing out his establishment for lack of business, he afterward confessed, when the Lindbergh case broke in his back yard and brought hordes of the curious to his hospitable doors. It did for him what the wreck of the Morro Castle did for depression-stricken Asbury Park.

We planned to keep three cars on the job. Lieutenant Keaten of New Jersey and Thomas Sisk of the Department of Justice were to park their car on the Boston Post Road at 222d Street. Horn, Seery, and I were to continue together and park ours at 221st Street. A third car was to take its position at the corner of 222d Street and the lane, diagonally across from Hauptmann's house. In it would be three new arrivals, Detectives Cronin and Wallace of New York and Trooper Dorr of New Jersey.

It was now midafternoon, and we settled down to await signs of life about the house. After dusk I moved into the field directly opposite the entrance to the lane, and from this observation post could see the lights turned on in two of the rooms in the house across the street.

At our low-voiced conference in the restaurant my associates quickly agreed that I should have charge of the capture, and I outlined briefly the plan which I had already formed.

There was to be no haste. There was to be no unnecessary killing. We didn't know who lived in that house with the man we wanted—innocent people, perhaps, who might die in a gun fight. When we did take him, we'd try to choose a neighborhood where there would be a minimum chance of hitting bystanders, if shooting did start. And we'd take him preferably by daylight.

Before sunrise we were on the alert for our first real view of Richard Hauptmann. We got it at eight fifty-five, when we saw him step out of the front door and walk down the steps toward the street. My mind hummed. Five feet ten and a half . . . a hundred and eighty pounds or less . . . thirty-five years old . . . high cheekbones and hollow cheeks . . . oval face with rather pointed chin . . . a German carpenter. The picture I had been building up was now flesh and blood before my eyes!

Would he walk or would he ride?

He turned and crossed the lane to the garage.

He would ride. So should we!

If you were to ask me to name the one thing in my long search for the Lindbergh slayer which took the most nerve, I would answer without hesitation:

"Letting him ride off alone in his automobile that morning after we had him located."

WHEN I realized that the man we had been after for thirty months was actually sitting at the wheel of the car that had emerged from the garage and was heading for the open street—that all I had to do was to give the signal to have that car immediately surrounded by armed detectives—the temptation to give it was almost too great to resist.

Should I let him go?

Did I dare let him go?

I decided that I should and that I dared. Instead of the signal to close in I gave the signal to follow—and once Hauptmann was clear of the house, the chase was on. Our plan was for Cronin, Wallace, and Dorr to follow him in our first car; Seery, Horn, and myself in the second; Sisk and Keaten covering behind. At a signal from me we'd buckle him into the curb.

Hauptmann, however, sprang a surprise on us. We hadn't counted on the terrific speed he so rapidly picked up. The chase became wilder than we had expected. We had to do better than fifty to close up behind him after he turned into Boston Road. On Pelham Parkway and Fordham Road it became a game of traffic lights. And we soon learned that Richard Hauptmann was a methodical daredevil in his driving, just as he had been a methodical daredevil in the kidnaping of the child, the arranging of the ransom, and the spending of the ransom money.

Unlike many other cities in the United States, New York permits automobile drivers to turn right and left on most red lights. This is called angling. And never in all my New York motoring experience have I seen a more expert traffic angler than the man we were after. He went fourteen blocks to the first traffic light, nine to the next, and then through all combinations from one to fourteen without a single stop.

FROM Fordham Road he turned down Washington Avenue to 189th Street, and then west again to Park Avenue. There wouldn't be any angling for a while now, because the New York Central tracks ran beside us in an open cut and an iron-grilled fence prevented any left turns.

At 178th Street a milk truck blocked the way, but Hauptmann put on extra speed and flashed around it. He was clearly trying to cross Tremont Avenue before the light changed to red. If he won that gamble, the cross traffic might cut us off. Fearing this, I gave the signal.

With a last burst of speed, our car number one tore past him and edged him toward the curb. My own car completed the buckle from behind. There was nothing for Hauptmann to do but stop—4.7 miles from where we started. His first stop. On flashed the red light. It was the thirteenth since the ride had begun.

I was out of my car instantly. As fast as I could move I was opening his left-hand door. The other detectives closed in. If he made a move for a gun, we were ready to grab him. But he made no move. Those cold blue-gray eyes described by Levatino and Cecile Barr looked calmly back into mine.

My idea at the time was that he must have thought he was being held up for speeding. After further observation of the man, however, at many a critical juncture, I feel that that cool, imperturbable mask of his may have been hiding a full realization of what had overtaken him.

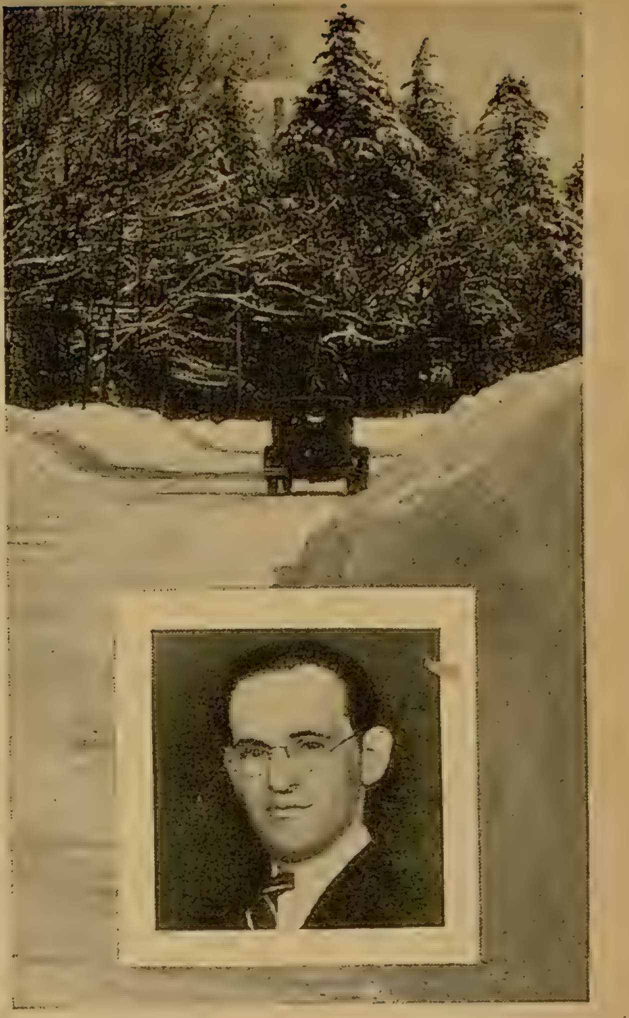
"Get out of the car," I told him.

We went over him quickly to make sure he didn't have any weapon. Then we began searching him for Lindbergh bills. While I was going through his front pants pockets, Lieutenant Keaten took a wallet from his back pocket. It contained—what do you think?—one twenty-dollar gold certificate of the ransom money.

Even in the excitement of the moment, I remembered that prophecy Dr. Schoenfeld, the psychiatrist, had made to me way back in 1932:

"Finn, when you land your man, you'll find he's the kind of fellow who'll have just one bill in his pocket."

Seery checked the bill. It was a



Snapshot of William H. Cadugan of Scranton, Pa.

I LIKE WINTER DRIVING

Gentlemen:

I get lots of fun out of driving when the snow is on the roads. It's a shame so many people miss that pleasure. They should learn, as I did, to change to Quaker State Winter Oil and Greases before the first freezing—then they'd never have to worry about weak batteries and stiff gears.

I learned my lesson early last Winter when I bought a two-gallon can of motor oil, and thought I had a big bargain. I used this oil for two weeks and then checked it. To my surprise it seemed like so much water!

Believe me, I hot-footed it for the nearest Quaker State dealer, and had the crankcase filled with your Winter oil. Now, during the cold weather, the motor starts as easily and runs as smoothly as it does in June.

Very truly yours,

Wm. H. Cadugan

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE WINTER OILS

Retail Price . . . 35c per quart

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

Lindbergh, all right. But I didn't see any point in telling Hauptmann what we knew.

"Where did you get this counterfeit money?" I asked.

"I hafn't got counterfeit money," he answered in a firm, confident voice. "I haf gut money."

"Gold money?"

"*Ja*, golt money."

"Don't you know that the President of the United States has issued a proclamation that you should put all your gold money in the Federal Reserve Bank?"

"I know."

"Well, how much more of that money have you at your house? How much more have you got?"

"I had three hundred dollars," he said with a great show of frankness. "I put it away over a long number of years. Now I haf no job, I haf to spend it. Now I haf hundred twenty-five left."

"Is that all you've got?" I asked.

"Yes; hundred twenty-five—dat is all."

I wanted to question him further but a crowd was gathering. A growing clamor caused me to hustle him into the back seat of my car. The clamor became a shriek. A police siren was screaming in on us fast. To my dismay, I saw one of our own radio cars pull up alongside.

It was a joke on me—altogether too grim a joke to greet with a welcoming smile.

It seems that some humanitarian had seen us crowd Hauptmann to the curb and start to go through him. Whereupon this Public-Spirited Citizen Number One had rushed off to a telephone booth and phoned Headquarters that a terrible stick-up was being pulled at Park Avenue and 177th Street.

The resulting police response was efficient but embarrassing. If I told the uniformed officers in the radio car, with that gaping crowd around me, that I had just arrested the Lindbergh kidnaper, there would be a news flash screaming across eight columns in no time. This would absolutely defeat our plan to make a rapid investigation and nail any alibi that might be quickly formed by some of Hauptmann's friends if they knew what had happened.

So I had to quiet the turmoil by telling the police that this fellow was a counterfeiter.

"Just telephone back," I added, "that Lieutenant Finn is rounding up six other counterfeiters and that the job must be kept quiet."

They drove their way, and after notifying Inspector Lyons we drove ours toward the house on 222d Street. I was impatient now to see what was in that house and in the garage across the lane.

First, however, I gave the high sign to Detective Wallace of our department, who had stationed himself with Hauptmann and me on the rear seat of my car. Wallace knew what I meant. A pair of steel handcuffs clicked on the wrist of the prisoner beside me.

WHILE we were waiting for the Inspector to get up from downtown I had plenty of time to study my man. He was the bird we were looking for, all right. He fitted exactly into the pattern. He had all the physical earmarks that Jafsie and Perrone and Levatino and Cecile Barr and Walter Lyle had remembered, the same accent, the same gray coldness of the eyes. But somehow these merely physical details did not impress me so much, as I sat with him shoulder to shoulder in the little police car, as the mental characteristics, the personality.

Of course I didn't like him, convinced as I was that he was the man who had cast a shadow over the life of my good friend Lindbergh and saddened for all time the heart of his brave little wife. But we of the police learn to appreciate good qualities in bad men. Some crooks are pretty interesting fellows. Nevertheless, as I sat there and looked at this Bruno Richard Hauptmann, I could defy any man who was a man to like him or even tolerate him.

He was simply a damned mean cuss!

The sullenness that made him throw the bill at Mrs. Barr, the stinginess that made him try to get $9.94 change out of a ten-dollar ransom note, the unreasoning anger that made him shake his finger under the nose of the inoffensive Levatino, were all written on his face.

He had shown only one thing that commanded the least flicker of professional admiration from me. Much as I hate to say a good word for the slayer of the Lindbergh baby, I must admit that he *could* drive a car.

This same methodical daredeviltry had characterized the kidnaping and the murder, the amazing dealings with Jafsie, and, to a lesser extent, the carefully plotted yet audaciously executed spending of the ransom money. It is, to my way of thinking, the man's only claim to the rank of a first-class criminal.

Yes, I know he was cool, amazingly cool, in the face of detection and arrest, and later under searching examination both before and during trial. That did take a kind of courage born of desperation, and it was so paraded and so skillfully publicized that it not only aroused a real sympathy for the "strong silent man" but led many impressionable people—especially kind-hearted women—to feel that he must be innocent.

"How can he be guilty," I have heard these people say, "and bear up so well?"

Ladies, you ought to have seen Dr. Waite.

REMEMBER Waite? As a sure and easy way to get a million and a half dollars, he murdered his mother-in-law and his father-in-law as coldly and deliberately as Richard Hauptmann presumably murdered the helpless little Lindbergh baby. In fact, the characteristics displayed by the two men are so similar that a study of the Waite case is highly enlightening.

And when Waite was accused, did he flinch? Not a flinch. To the day of his death he parried all queries just as Hauptmann has; in the face of indisputable facts he coolly insisted he was innocent. Then, quite as coolly, on the way to the chair, when he knew that the game was up, he confessed to both murders.

Next to Waite, Hauptmann was perhaps the coolest murderer with whom I had ever come in contact; but there wasn't anything to admire even in his coolness. He didn't have the doc's flair. Hauptmann, at the time of his arrest and many times later in our dealings with him, tried to throw us off the track by a disarming show of frankness; but Dr. Waite went in for deception in a big way. His whole life was a lie. He would be out riding with his friends when he would suddenly press the palm of his hand to his forehead and cry:

"Oh, I forgot! I have an operation to perform at the Polyclinic."

Nothing would do but that the whole party should rush around to the famous hospital, which didn't know Doc Waite from a hole in the ground.

"Just one operation, that's all," he would say wearily as he left his friends. "It won't take long."

Then they would wait patiently while the doc, having entered the Polyclinic by the front door and exited by a back one, would be smoking a Turkish cigarette in the adjoining alley.

Hauptmann went in for deception, too. But not on the grand plan. All he had to do was to fool his patient and trusting and not deeply thoughtful wife and a few of his alleged friends, who weren't, if we can judge by the samples that Mr. Reilly produced at the Flemington trial, intellectual giants.

No; as a crook Hauptmann wasn't much. As a man he was less. Killing grown people is one thing; but a baby—that's different. Even that degenerate madman Gondek, who boasted of killing Mr. and Mrs. Couette on their chicken farm near Lowell, Massachusetts, didn't kill the Couette baby. Asked why, he said:

"Gee! I wouldn't kill a baby—not one in a crib."

But this fellow sitting beside me—I felt that he would kill a baby in a crib and never turn a hair. I felt the same way about him a few minutes later when I found he had a baby of his own, when I saw him with that baby.

You may gather that I was not favorably impressed with Bruno Richard Hauptmann on this our first social encounter—and you are damn right. I was glad when Inspector Lyons arrived and we could be on our way in search of the good honest money that this crook had taken from Slim.

For me the finding of the single bill on the criminal's person was enough; but for a jury it wouldn't be. It might be true beyond a reasonable doubt that the possessor of that one bill had been the possessor and the passer of many other bills—of a total of $5,000 altogether which we had located—but we might have trouble proving it to a jury. But if we could find a sizable hoard of these ransom bills in the prisoner's house or somewhere on his premises, we would have evidence which would be much more likely to stand up in court.

Policemen may not have a law-school education in the laws of evidence, but they learn by study and experience what will stand up as evidence and what will not.

That's why we wanted more bills.

But bills weren't all we wanted. Our chemists had told us that the possessor of the ransom money was presumably a mechanic who sharpened his own tools. The glycerin esters on the bank notes showed that they had been handled by such a man. We wanted to find the grindstone or emery wheel on which Hauptmann did his sharpening. Our Chemical Research Laboratory, under direction of Lieutenant McMahon, had told us that they concluded from the odor of some of the bills that these had been kept in a damp receptacle, possibly underground. We wanted to find that damp receptacle. We wanted to dig in the Hauptmann soil.

Detective Murphy, our own handwriting expert, and several other authorities had told us that they were willing to take the stand and tell the jury that the original ransom note and the fifteen other written communications from the kidnaper were written by a man whose characteristics and habits of mind, as shown by his handwriting, were strikingly like those of the man we now knew to be Hauptmann. But juries, especially country juries, are suspicious of that kind of evidence. It is hard for them to distinguish between the incorruptible handwriting authority like Mr. Osborn and the kind of "expert" who appears at almost every murder trial for the side which pays him the largest retainer.

Admitted specimens of Hauptmann's handwriting, if it were identical with the handwriting of the ransom notes, would be worth more to a jury than the testimony of a dozen authorities. And it was altogether likely that we might find such indisputable specimens in the house where Richard Hauptmann lived and transacted his business.

What guided the police search of the premises? Was Hauptmann third-degreed? The fascinating facts, very different from wildcat stories that appeared at the time, will be disclosed by Lieutenant Finn next week.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE** by Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Here the Nobel prize winner applies his realistic method to the writing of a prophetic novel—what America will be like under a dictatorship. The result is a book that, if not always convincing in its prophetic power, is consistently interesting and even fascinating. Don't walk but run to the nearest bookstore for the most interesting of the new season's books.

★ ★ ★ ½ **WORLDS APART** by Princess Marthe Bibesco. D. Appleton-Century Company.

The love story of Pierre, a French politician, and Alys, a princess. No thumbnail report of this beautiful story could do it justice. Read it—you'll love it!

★ ★ ★ **MY MAN GODFREY** by Eric Hatch. Little, Brown & Company.

The hilarious Liberty serial called Irene the Stubborn Girl emerges in book form and a new title, but just as funny as ever.

★ ★ **SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE FOOTHILLS** by Ella Enslow and Alvin F. Harlow. Simon & Schuster.

Mountaineers of Tennessee are here sketched in the nakedness of their poverty and ignorance by a schoolteacher who fought valiantly to bring education, tonsillectomies, and birth control to a community soon to be extinguished by TVA under the New Deal. Thomas Benton's eight illustrations are more vivid than the text.

★ ★ **FLAGS OF AMERICA** by Colonel W. H. Waldron. Standard Printing and Publishing Co.

A book like this which will renew interest in patriotic symbols is a good thing and comes with a good grace from a colonel of the United States army.

★ **DEATH OF THE DEPUTY** by Roger Francis Didelot. Translated from the French by Elisabeth Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Is the man who was found murdered the Deputy, or is the man whom every one believes to be the Deputy really the murderer? An old friend, Inspector Lecain of the Paris police, finally clears up the mystery after he and the reader have both been highly puzzled.

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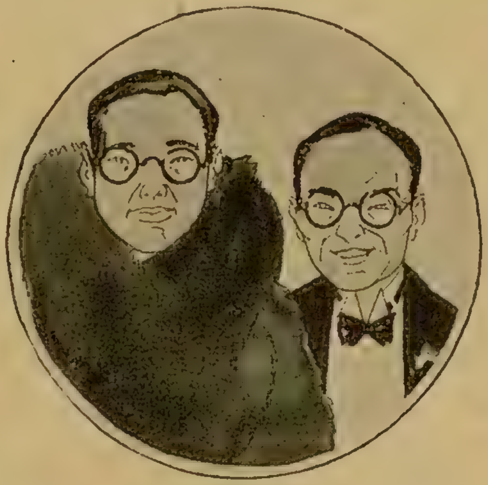
FACE

Liberty's Short Short

by

NOEL V. FELLOM

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 56 SECONDS



AS Lim Chow stood in the doorway of the Moonlight Café looking slowly about the interior with a studied poise, he seemed to radiate such prosperity that even the calloused eye of old Wu Fen Chen, the proprietor, focused on him.

Lim Chow was a tall good-looking Chinese of thirty whose bare head shone sleek and black. He wore a long beaverskin coat.

Wu Fen Chen came forward, salaaming in the best Oriental manner, his flat face wreathed in smiles.

"You are the Honorable Lim Chow they are expecting?" he beamed, and as the other nodded: "I fear my poor establishment is unworthy to receive such greatness. But come—your friends await you in a room above. I myself shall show you the way."

At another time, perhaps, Lim Chow would have been appreciative of such service. Now, however, his mind had far too many vital things to consider.

He was trying to frame in correct syllables the words that he knew he must say, and he was schooling himself mentally in the use of them. For this was the annual reunion of the Chinese members of the class of '27 and there were many old friends to be greeted.

They had reached the landing now, and the sounds of music and laughter came steadily to Lim Chow's ears. He shivered slightly.

With a flourish, the old man bowed him into an antechamber and quietly closed the door behind him.

The change from darkened hallway to bright lights and the savory odor of tempting viands was breathtaking. A Chinese girl was there, smiling, to relieve him of his heavy coat. He swept her aside.

"I do not remain," he said in Cantonese.

"Skinny!" a voice boomed, and then they were upon him—ten grinning, laughing, well fed, tuxedoed classmates of the class of '27.

"*Ho sai kai!*" Lim Chow wished them peace.

"Lim Chow! And look at him, will you!"

There were Tom Poy, and Matt Fung, and little Archie Wong who had played guard on the basketball team.

Ernest Leong, who had been his roommate and pal at college, pulled him by the arm away from the questions and backslapping of delighted friends.

"Why haven't I heard from you in all these months, Lim? I have not seen you since our last reunion. Is it true that you have been in South America?"

"South America? Oh, yes," Lim said, and forced a smile.

"Well, come on; let's have a drink," Matt Fung shouted. "Have we struck up a thirst waiting for you, Lim! Ernest wouldn't let us drink without you."

"He should not have done that," Lim Chow said quickly, and swallowed the lump that formed in his throat. "Just one cocktail and then I must be going. I am leaving town in thirty minutes—catching a plane for New York."

Ernest Leong regarded him long and thoughtfully. Finally he said:

"You will not remain for dinner? I was the chairman—in charge of this year's meeting, you know. Thought you might like some of the old food we used to have. Remember that *kwa tse gai?* Nice boneless chicken stuffed with mushrooms, juicy ham, barley with pork, and roasted chestnuts? I—I ordered some of that, too."

"Awfully sorry," Lim Chow muttered, avoiding his gaze. "But it's most important business."

"We hear that you have succeeded in all your undertakings. Congratulations," Archie Wong said. "Oh, but do take off that gorgeous coat and stay a while. Boy, what a coat!"—running his fingers through the silky fur. "Tortoise-shell buttons and everything. Must have cost a pretty penny, eh?"

Lim Chow waved an airy hand. "Got it in Rio," he said.

The table had been spread with many courses. Lim Chow, through the open doorway, could glimpse it. His eyes sought each delight with scarcely concealed eagerness. But as he became aware of Ernest Leong's concentrated stare, he looked elsewhere.

Some one offered him cigars. He took one carelessly but with scrupulous thanks. He puffed slowly, his face framed in a fixed smile of politeness, for some one was telling a funny story.

Ernest Leong said in a low voice:

"I know you are a busy man, Lim Chow, but come see me soon—please. I have a proposition that might interest you."

"Your thoughtfulness touches me deeply, old friend. Unfortunately, my numerous enterprises keep me continually on the go. I barely find time to sleep."

Cocktails were passed. As Lim Chow still stood there smoking, with his big coat on and the perspiration beginning to ooze on his forehead, they gathered round him.

Ernest Leong raised his glass and solemnly proposed their yearly toast.

"To Face," he said. "It is the self-respect without which no Chinese gentleman can endure. The wise Bodhidharma said, 'The rich man is poor without it.'"

They drained their glasses with much ceremony. Lim Chow lingered briefly afterward, giving and receiving many compliments. Then he took his departure, after promising to be in attendance one year later. When he had gone, Tom Poy said:

"At least there is one of us who has really succeeded. He sure looks like real money. Wonder just how much he *is* worth?"

"He has a quiet air of wealth," Matt Fung put in.

But Ernest Leong said nothing.

OUTSIDE in the street, Lim Chow slipped away from the brilliance of Grant Avenue into the shadow of the crooked little alley behind the restaurant. He glided into a doorway and carefully removed the much admired beaver coat. Then from one of its pockets he took a nondescript cap, put it on, and pulled it low on his forehead. In the other pocket of the coat his fingers came in contact with something crisp. He hauled it out.

For an instant temptation prodded; but Lim Chow knew the value of honesty and pride. He thrust the currency back into the overcoat pocket and stepped quickly out of the doorway.

With a furtive glance that swept the alley from end to end, he moved swiftly to a parked limousine glistening from the first drops of a wet San Francisco fog. Opening the rear door, he returned the luxurious beaver coat to the cushions where he had so opportunely found it an hour before.

Hands sunk deep in the pockets of his worn soiled trousers, he turned and walked uncertainly away—his brain filled with a hungry vision of a sumptuously laden table at a reunion dinner.

Later, when the dinner broke up, Ernest Leong hastened to his limousine, parked in the alley. His new beaver coat, which he had forgotten in his eagerness to be on time for the reunion dinner, was still in the car. In the pocket was a crisp fifty-dollar bill. Ernest sighed. He had known that the bill would be there!

THE END

TO THE *Ladies*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

CHARLES ROBERT KNIGHT

CROWS are smarter than parrots . . . If elephants were built like monkeys they'd behave more humanly than monkeys do . . . Nearly all cats adore cantaloupe, are partial to green corn . . . No giraffe has ever been heard to make a vocal sound . . . There are no wild camels anywhere in the world . . . The whales swimming our oceans today are bigger than any dinosaurs or mastodons of old primeval ages . . .

I get this lore from Charles Robert Knight, science artist. He paints animal pictures, jungle pictures, wild-man pictures, and pictures of the prehistoric past. Paints 'em for natural history museums, so Mr. Knight has to know his stuff from A to Zoo.

"Our domestic cats," he told me, "came originally from Egypt, where melons once grew wild. Therefore it seems likely that melons must have been included in the ancestral diet of cats. Anyhow, most cats are still crazy about melons—which few cat owners realize. Try serving a slice of cantaloupe to your cat. The chances are it will be snapped up with purrs of joy."

Every kind of animal has its own psychology, says Mr. Knight. To paint true animal pictures, he says, an artist needs to understand how animals think. That's why he puts in a good deal of time at zoos, psychoanalyzing (as you might say) the tigers, beavers, bears, etc.

Told me he never dreams of any animals except elephants; is always afraid of them in his sleep, although not a bit scared of them when awake.

● Now we have night-and-day hand mirrors. Bluish glass on one side, to give us the daylight effect when we make up our faces by artificial light—amber glass on the other side, to help us put on our evening make-up correctly before dark. A swell invention!

● An English working girl, twenty-nine years old, has just retired to live on her savings for the rest of her life. In fifteen years she has saved a competent fortune. As a fashion buyer for a department store she earned a good salary, invested it wisely. Saved every penny she possibly could save. Spent *nothing* on small luxuries or entertainments—no movies, no restaurant lunches, no vacation trips. Her job, with its bargain opportunities, solved her clothes problem. She could save practically everything she earned. Yet she admits that she would not now be able to retire if her investments had turned out unluckily. What interests me about this is the perplexing question of thrift. How much thrift can we practice with profit and safety?

To deny ourselves, while young, means giving up many of life's pleasures. For what? For future security. But how much of the future can we ever be sure of? If we pay for security with the pleasures of our best years, does it seem to you that security may come rather high?

● Astronomers—what sort of girls do they marry?

I am interested in the matrimonial taste of these men who turn their eyes upward, devoting themselves to the stars. In their choice of wives are they exotic, artistic, romantic? Well, now, let's see. Sir James Jeans, famous British astronomer, fifty-eight years old, has just married a young Austrian lady of twenty-four, who plays organ music at concerts. Dr. Clyde Fisher, director of the big new Hayden Planetarium in New York, is married to Te Ata, American Indian actress, authoress.

● A rich and somewhat scatterbrained lady, recently widowed, insists upon *inheriting* her late husband's secretary.

"Don't leave me," she begs the girl. "You took care of my husband's affairs; I'm sure you know almost as much about them as he did. Now you must stay and take care of them for me. I can't get along without you!"

The secretary is a girl of independent habit; always has worked in an office for a man; doesn't relish the prospect of working in a private house for a woman. Yet she feels more or less duty-bound to rescue the rather silly widow of her late boss, although she knows the job will not be an easy or a happy one.

An odd predicament—to find yourself handed down like an item of business property.

● Stewart Edward White has written a fine historical novel about Alaska in the days when Czarist Russia ruled there. It is one of the new books I have most enjoyed. Pole Star is the title of it. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

● To all herring fanciers I recommend this marinade from Dieppe. The French gourmets like their herrings this way. And so do I!

Use a dozen fresh herrings, all the same size if possible. Have them cleaned but not split; leave the roes in. Now prepare your marinade. Mix together and cook for 20 minutes 2 cups water, 2 cups dry white wine (California wine will do), 1 cup cider vinegar, 1 large onion sliced, 2 carrots cut in rounds, 2 cloves garlic, 1 bay leaf, ½ teaspoon dry thyme (fresh thyme is even better), 3 sprigs parsley, 1 tablespoon white peppercorns. Throw in your herrings and simmer for 5 minutes. Let them stand in the liquor until cool. Drain well. Garnish with carrot and onion rings. Serve quite cold.

"Yes"—Lee turned to Tao
"—my soul is at peace."

FLOWER of the GODS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

LEE entered Mehmet Ali's room. He knew that he entered. Yet he felt, too, as if it were not his body which was advancing into the room, but his soul. For his body—the outer negligible shell—seemed to him not to be here in San Francisco—it seemed, somehow, to be back in Sunnyland, miles to the south.

Here or there, the body no longer mattered. Only the soul did.

The will and power of his soul—his soul which hovered there, listening and watching . . .

Watching two men who sat facing each other, talking in low voices.

He recognized one of them. Mehmet Ali. Forty years had passed since he had seen this Asiatic in Sir Hilary Watts's bungalow at Siliguri, the night before he had left for Tibet—to search for the Flower of the Gods; there and at the trial he had seen him.

Forty long years. But, except for his silvery-gray hair and his deeply furrowed forehead, Mehmet Ali had not much changed. Still lean and hawkish, still with the same fanatical glint in his hooded purple-black eyes.

The other man was short, powerfully built, granite-faced, rather foppishly dressed. He was rolling a large

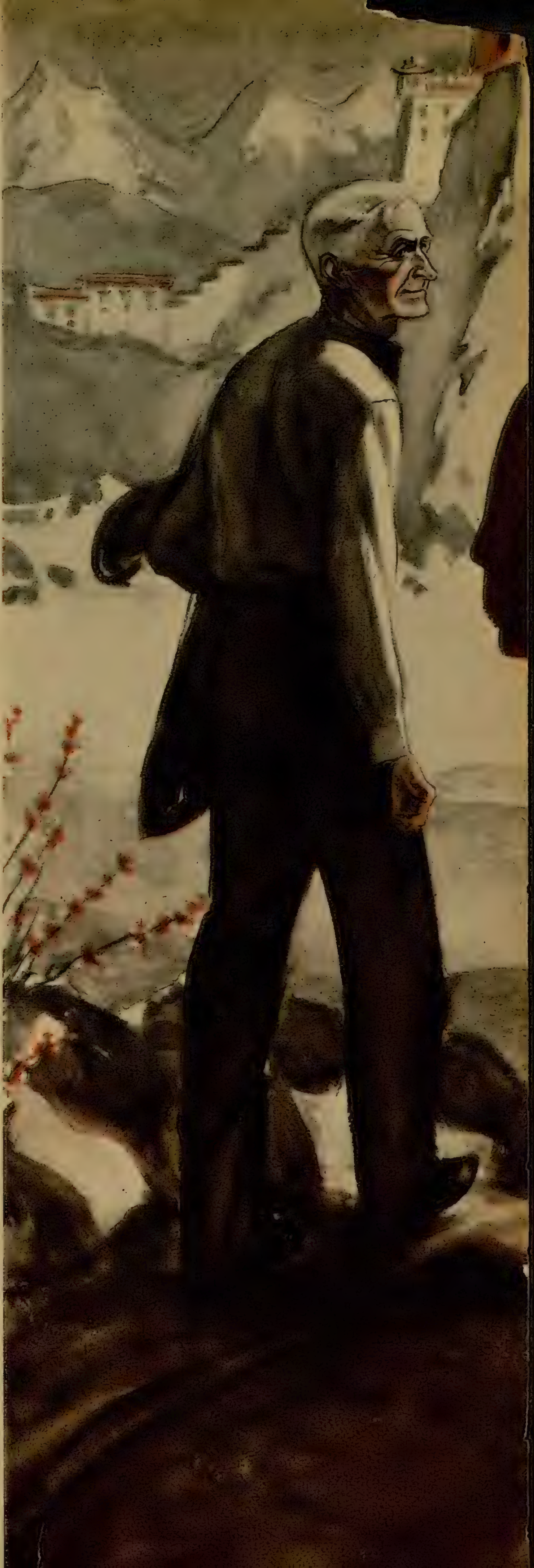


ILLUSTRATION
BY
J. B. WATROUS

A Race to Kill, a Strange Debate, A Victory for Love—and Swiftly, Surprisingly, the Story Ends

by

ACHMED ABDULLAH

and

ANTHONY ABBOT

cigar between fleshy lips. Mehmet Ali called him "Nobs Magruder."

Then, suddenly, Nobs dropped his cigar. He turned; gave a little shiver; stared in the direction of the door; exclaimed:

"I could have sworn that somebody came in!"

"Don't be a fool!" Mehmet Ali got up; switched on the rest of the electric lights, flooding the room with gold and orange. "Convince yourself, Magruder. Nobody here. Just you and I."

The other looked about nervously.

"You're right," he admitted. "But—honest to God—I felt a cold draft—"

"On a night like this?"

"I can still feel it."

"Maybe the wind's beginning to come up." Mehmet Ali crossed over and closed the windows. "Everything is closed tight. Not a breath of air." He smiled thinly, mockingly. "Must be your nerves."

"Nerves—because I'm going to croak a guy?"

"What else?"

"Hell!" said Nobs Magruder—nor was he boasting—"killing's a job like any other." He picked up his cigar and relit it. "There is only one thing worrying me."

"The money, I suppose? I gave you half. You have my word that you'll get the other fifty thousand dollars just as soon as the Duke of Kulja—"

"No, no," interrupted Magruder. "The money part is O. K. No kick there. But—the alibi—"

"I told you before"—impatiently—"that your alibi will be perfect. Everything has been arranged. I'll be one of your witnesses—and, after all, I am who I am, a prince of Tartaristan. Then there'll be my valet and my chauffeur—and one of the hotel porters here—and a waiter at Perrini's restaurant."

"I guess it'll be all right." Magruder got up. "Well—I'll be shoving along." He went to the door; hesitated with his hand on the knob; repeated in a curiously flat voice, as though to reassure himself: "Sure—killing's a job like any other." . . .

"Killing's a job like any other."

The phrase echoed in Lee Breckinridge's mind, and he thought:

"My job. Yes. My job—to kill."

The weapon in his hand—should he use it?

Should he take a life—blot out a life that the Lord God had created?

Once more the harrowing doubt, the harrowing fear.

Telling himself:

"I cannot do this thing. No, no, no! I cannot stain my soul."

And then, once more, the memory of Tao's words:

"It is your duty. There is this man—this Mehmet Ali. If he has his will the world will be plunged in blood. Not only Tartaristan and America, but all the world. For war and hate will breed more war and hate. It will run on like powder under spark—like a sheet of flame, smoldering, yellow, inexorable, dreadful. The Jagannath set in motion—by one man's pride and passion."

A silence.

The memory of Tao's words continued:

"The demon who is ever the Antichrist! The demon whose name today is Mehmet Ali! The demon who must be killed—as often, in the past, he has been killed—as often, in the future, he must be killed again!"

"The demon," asked Lee, "who is immortal?"

"No, no. For, every time he suffers death, millennium comes an eternity nearer." Tao smiled. He went on: "What are you waiting for, O my brother?"

Still Lee hesitated.

The message, the command seemed to be clear. And yet—Lee wondered—why was the command given to *him* of all men? Why must *he* be chosen? Why *his* soul stained?

There were others. Many, many others. Many, many millions.

There was—Roger Neale. . . .

ROGER NEALE—he recalled what Tao had said—who was young, with all life before him, while he himself was old, with his life—his earth life—almost over.

Still—what of it?

"Is not my soul," he asked himself, "as precious to me as Roger Neale's is to him? Have I not passed through years of agony and torture and remorse so as to cleanse my soul and make it pure?"

Yes. Let his soul remain pure. Let Roger Neale do the scarlet deed. And as he thought of Roger Neale it seemed as if he saw him. Seemed? No. Saw him.

Saw him not with the eyes of his body but with the clairvoyant eyes of his astral self that pierced walls and partitions, bricks and steel and concrete. Saw him step from an automobile in front of the hotel. Saw him hurrying round to the back alley. Saw him climbing the fire escape, quickly, silently, up to Ali's room—to kill. Saw all this like pictures reeled off on a screen—and heard, at the same moment, Tao's voice like a high thunderous wind:

"Act now! Act before the other—"

"Why should I?" cried Lee. "Why should I stain my soul with murder? Why should *I* be chosen to—"

"And should you not give praise because you were chosen as the instrument—instead of complaining? Should you not give thanks—instead of doubting and caviling? Should you not be proud to be permitted—aye! permitted—to sacrifice your soul as Abraham was permitted to sacrifice his son on the altar? Why, you were prepared for this task with forty years of suffering and pain! Tell me"—very gently—"would you turn back?"

"No," said Lee. "I shall not turn back. Everything I am, everything I have, everything I think and feel, belongs to this task."

And he advanced a step toward Mehmet Ali—and there was, suddenly, Magruder's startled exclamation:

"There *is* somebody in this room!"

HE pointed toward Lee, who was now clearly visible, bodily visible.

"Gee!" he yelled. "He's got a knife! Look out!"

Mehmet Ali had been at the window, with his back to the door. Now he turned.

He saw Lee Breckinridge. He saw, by the same token, his fate—he thought—his fate of death. Saw it in Lee's calm features; in the hand clutching the knife.

A knife never destined to be used—as murder, by the Lord's mercy and understanding and omnipotence, was never destined to stain Lee's soul.

For there was a prayer in Lee's soul. A mighty prayer, over and over again:

"Help me, O Lord God! Help me! Help me! Help me!"

Strong the prayer. So strong. Strong as the rocks. Strong as the trees.

"Help me, O Lord God! Help me! Help me!"

And as he prayed the earth and the heavens seemed to pause in their mutations to listen to him. There came a rushing and whirring that swelled hugely, immeasurably; that beat about with the strength of sky and sea and stars, with the speed and power of the sun at high noon, with a passionate leaping and yearning that swept out of the womb of creation. And there was a crash as the roof fell—and the next moment, in the hotel, in a dozen hotels, in a thousand houses throughout San Francisco, commotion and excitement and fear.

Stark gray fear.

Cries:

"An earthquake!"

"An earthquake!"

And the balance and adjustment of the city—the whole city—seemed to shift and alter. A black haze, shot through with sulphurous yellow, rose in the west and trembled like an immense plume. The ocean bloated and recoiled. The harried moon shivered out of sight. The ground writhed and groaned like a wounded animal. A wind blew up, red-hot as from a gigantic furnace. And, everywhere, men and women running about, frightened, hysterical, panic-stricken.

"An earthquake!"

"An earthquake!"

And within the hour, all over America, from New York to Detroit, from Galveston to Seattle, in a hundred newspaper buildings, a shrill ringing of telephone bells; a hectic sending of messages from editorial offices to composing rooms; a mad printed chorus of headlines:

SEVERE EARTHQUAKE SHAKES NORTHERN CALIFORNIA—CENTER OF QUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO — MULTITUDES FRENZIED

Swiftly edition followed edition; scarehead vied with scarehead; and not until morning did it become known that the first reports had been vastly exaggerated. Indeed, it had been no more than a slight temblor. The damage was negligible. A few windows smashed. Nothing else. And only two men had perished—crushed by a falling ceiling.

One was Prince Mehmet Ali. The other, discovered by the former's side —and here the yellow press found rich meat for speculation—had been identified as "Nobby" Magruder, a notorious San Francisco gangster; had been identified by Roger Neale, a federal employee who, by a strange coincidence, had been about to call on the prince and had entered the room at the very moment of the earthquake.

. . . . .

All that night the telephone wires out of San Francisco were busy zumming with news; and it was morning before Roger was able to call up Sunnyland; to talk to Doris; to tell her in a queer, hushed voice:

"The thing—which I meant to do —it was done—for me."

"Done—*for* you?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean, Roger?"

"Haven't you seen the papers?"

"Only the first report—the earthquake—"

"THE earthquake"—Roger's voice rose—"which killed Mehmet Ali —before I—"

"Thank God!" she interrupted. A pause. "You're coming straight out here, aren't you, darling?"

"Later on."

"But—"

"First I must speak to your father—to ask him—"

"For my hand—in proper old-fashioned style? Well—father is here."

"At Sunnyland?"

"Yes. He got here late last night —before the earthquake. The butler told me. I was in bed when he arrived. Jump in your car and hurry, darling!"

"I'll break all speed records."

He rang off. She turned away from the telephone—and heard the door open; heard her father's voice:

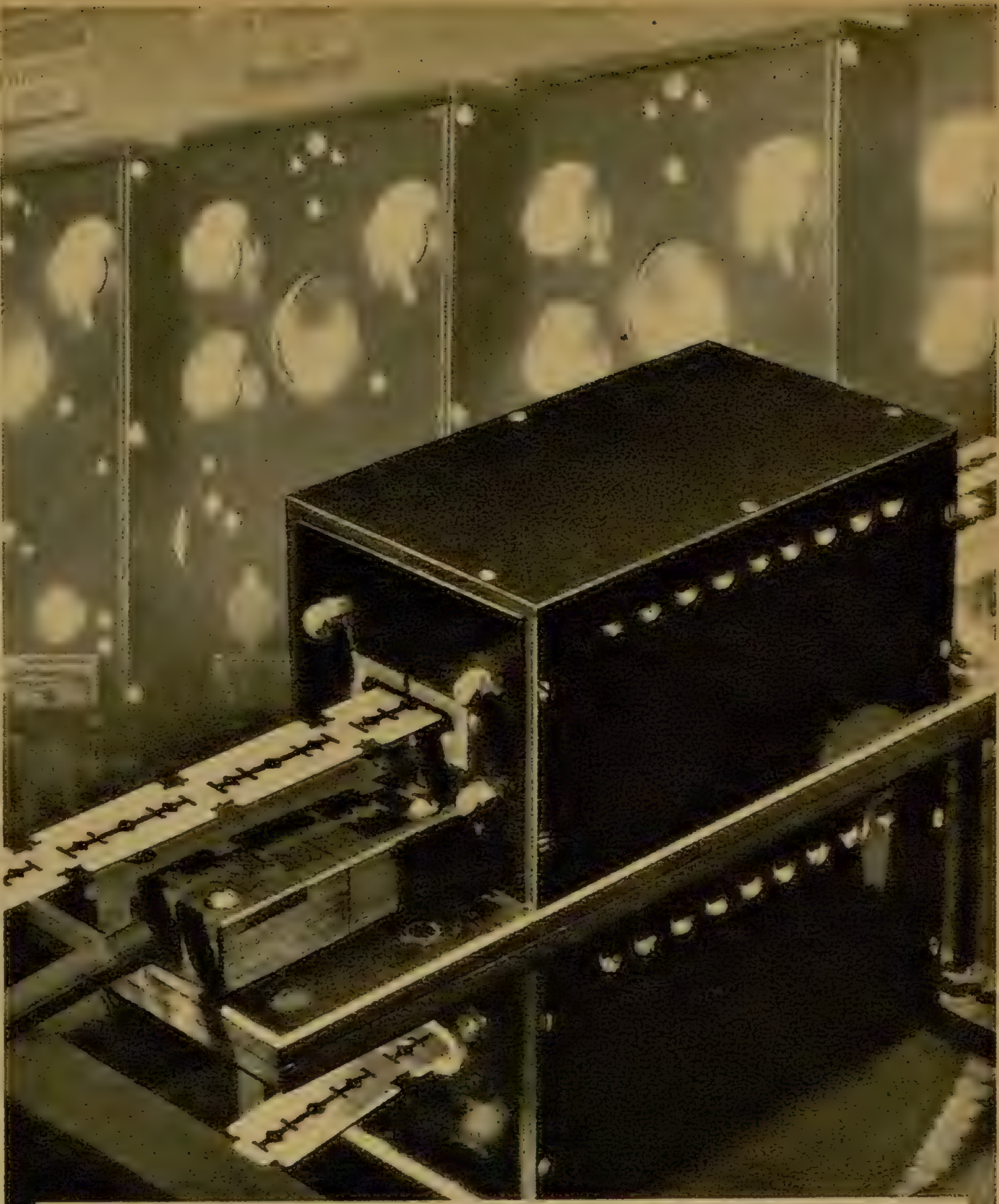
"Doris, I want to talk to you."

. . . . .

A long story Judge Carson told his daughter. A full story.

The story of his life, his ambition, his pride, his success. The story, too, of how, at the height of his success, he had found out about his father — the murderer — yes! — the man who, years ago, in Calcutta, had murdered a prostitute . . .

"My father, Doris! Your grandfather — Lee Breckinridge — the old gardener I brought here recently."



WHAT IS THIS DEVICE THAT MAKES STEEL "*Talk*"

MESSAGES relayed from this magic black box to a great battery of automatic switches, control the hardening of Gillette steel as it passes through electric furnaces.

In effect, this amazing device makes steel "talk"—orders more or less heat in the furnaces as the condition of the steel demands. This results in constant uniformity of hardness in the steel—contributes in a big way to the comfort you enjoy when you shave with the Gillette "Blue Blade."

Before the development of this equipment, hardness could not be uniform, for variations exist in any coil of steel even when produced by the world's finest mills. Now a master strip of steel—of exactly correct hardness—controls the temperature of the furnaces. *Positively*—these furnaces, conceived by Gillette engineers, are the only furnaces in the world that can produce razor blade steel of uniform, predetermined hardness.

It is obvious that blades hardened by other methods can't compare with the Gillette "Blue Blade."

This is but one of many exclusive processes that make the Gillette "Blue Blade" incomparably keen, smooth-shaving and economical. You get more shaves—better shaves —because Gillette steel takes and holds the sharpest edges ever put on metal. Try the Gillette "Blue Blade." Buy a package today on our money-back guarantee of absolute satisfaction.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

NOW 5 *for* 25¢ · 10 *for* 49¢

Gillette
BLUE
BLADE
King C. Gillette
Gillette

He went on to describe the struggle in his soul. How, finally, he had decided to deny his father; how he had tried to persuade himself that he was doing the right thing, was doing his duty to God and man.

So long the story. So bitter and gray. Sparing himself nothing—no subterfuge, no hypocrisy, no twist and quirk of reasoning—in the telling.

Relating how, at Mrs. Knowlton's dinner party last night, they had surrounded him; had hailed him as the next governor; had toasted him as the most honest man in California, the most fearless and just. How, listening to the praise, he had felt ashamed; had pleaded a headache and gone home early.

He had walked home, he told Doris, the evening being fine. Walked briskly along the dusk-smooth streets, watching the dark coming of night press tight on the roaring asphalt city, the city built by man; and, above, the sky, God's eternal sky, dense gray rolling tons of sky, sky pitiless—he thought—and indomitable and just.

Just—as he himself was just.

But—again the doubt—was he really just? Was he really honest and fearless?

Thus the conflict in his soul. A conflict that was sharpening into dreadful edges, cutting him cruelly whatever way he tried to turn, making him feel certain one moment that he was doing right, and the next that he was doing wrong.

Doubting his manhood, his courage, his veracity. Speculating if he was not a coward and a liar by not proclaiming that Lee Breckinridge was his father.

Wondering:

"What good would I accomplish by admitting it?"

Then wondering:

"Am I not—vicariously—a liar and a cheat by *not* admitting it? Am I not, therefore, unfit to sit in judgment on the sins of other people?"

Reaching his home. Standing at the window. Staring out. Crying aloud:

"Dear Lord God! Please help me! Please show me the right way! For I am in doubt!"

And then a soothing, gentle voice saying to him: "When a man begins to doubt himself, then humility—humility which brings truth—is not far away."

Judge Carson turned slowly. He saw a tall old man standing there, dressed in a loose claret-red robe, a huge tam-o'-shanter shadowing his wrinkled ivory-white features, a wooden Buddhistic prayer wheel stuck in his belt.

Judge Carson stared at him.

"What *is* the truth?" he asked.

"What it always is. A miracle."

"A miracle is—incredible. How then can I believe in it?"

"And how can you *not* believe in it? How can you not believe in a dozen miracles—a hundred—a thousand? Are we not surrounded, all day and all night, by countless miracles of the Lord's creating? Is not birth a miracle? Is not love a miracle? Is not sleeping a miracle—and waking, and hearing, and seeing? Is not the smallest flower a miracle—and the tallest tree? Is not the fact that I am standing here, talking to you, a miracle? Ah!"

Tao's voice swelled thunderously. "Listen to me! Listen to yet another miracle, O man of little faith!"

And he told Judge Carson about his father, Lee Breckinridge. Told him how, many years ago, the latter had gone to India, thence to Tibet, to search for a flower, the Flower of the Gods; and what had happened to him there; and how he had been chosen as an instrument—had cleansed and purified this soul, this instrument, with long years of suffering and remorse—to use it some day as a force for good, a mighty force against evil . . . .

"To use it," exclaimed Tao, "tonight!"

A silence.

He went on:

"Aye, a miracle—the Flower of the Gods."

"And what," asked Judge Carson, "is that?"

"Faith," answered Tao, "is the Flower of the Gods."

He touched Judge Carson's arm. He asked very gently:

"Tell me, brother. Do you believe—now?"

"Yes," was the whispered reply. "I want to believe."

"You will do the right thing—the just thing?"

"Yes. I shall do the right thing—the just thing."

That's what Judge Carson repeated now, speaking to his daughter:

"The right thing. The just thing. I knew what it was. I sat down last night. I wrote to every newspaper in San Francisco. I told them who my father is: Lee Breckinridge, once convicted for murder. Then I drove out here to tell you—to tell my father—to tell him that I love him—to beg his forgiveness."

Doris smiled.

"Shall we go to him now?"

"Yes."

They went to his room. But he was not there.

"He is so fond of flowers," suggested Doris. "Perhaps he's in the garden."

They found him there, in the little clearing in the pinewood where he had planted the Flower of the Gods. Found him smiling in his last sleep.

Judge Carson bent down to kiss the cold brow.

He arose, and turning to Doris, said softly:

"His soul is at peace."

Lee's soul.

At peace.

. . . .

"Yes," Lee turned to Tao—"my soul is at peace."

"Peace," replied the other, "yonder!" And he pointed north, where, topping the snow-capped Himalayas with its bold avalanche of masonry, towered the ancient Monastery of the Buddha's Ear.

They walked side by side. Spring was about them.

Spring, thought Lee, like the radiance on the morning of the day of creation, shining undimmed; bathing the hills and the sky a stainless blue; laughing and dancing through a cosmos of light and flowers that none could ever pick to watch them wither and die, light that would never fade to darkness within walls and beneath roofs.

Life eternal.

They were silent. They met occasionally a Tibetan peasant, bowing at their passing and mumbling piously:

'Tisn't So

by

R. E. Doan

THE BITE of a tarantula is not dangerous. The tarantula is not especially apt to bite, nor, if it does, is its bite either very painful or very dangerous.

TWO SINGERS are not twice as loud as one. The human ear does not hear the loudness of noises in proportion to the sound energy that they contain but in approximate proportion to the logarithm of that energy. Thus a trio is only about one third louder than a solo. A quartet is only about 43 per cent louder than a single voice. It takes twenty-seven singers to sing twice as loudly as one.

A LONG WHITE ASH does not necessarily denote a good cigar. If sufficiently cohesive, a long white ash indicates good burning qualities—which is one indication of quality in a cigar. However, it may still be defective in other elements of quality. The best Havana cigars more commonly burn with a gray or slightly bluish-tinged ash.

SLEEPING in the moonlight does not cause insanity. Sleeping in the moonlight, in fact, produces no ill effects—except perhaps to enable mosquitoes to find you a bit more easily.

BLUING does not make clothes whiter. Washed clothes are usually a trifle yellow. The addition of bluing helps to neutralize the yellow and thus makes the clothes appear whiter.

"*Oom ma-ni pad-me! Hong!*—Hail, Jewel in the Lotus!"

More and more, as they reached the higher mountains and approached the monastery, the passion of happiness—for that's what it was: a passion of happiness—grew in Lee's heart.

The sufferings and doubts of the past streamed into the distance like thin pale flames. The longings of the past were no more.

He knew that he had come to the end—which was no more than the beginning—of life; the end which would mean himself complete, utterly fulfilled, made whole.

They came to the monastery gate. Lee entered.

And he knew that he had come home—home to the dreaming heart of God whence first he had issued.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—Babe Ruth, ex-King of Swat.

2—No; originally it was the ninth month (hence its name), but Numa added January and February in 713 B.C., making November the eleventh month.

3—All were.

4—The Cudahy boy kidnaping. Pat Crowe openly admitted his guilt, but the jury set him free.

5—George Bernard Shaw.

6—Fourteen, including the present one.

7—A festival held each July by the Japanese, who believe the dead return once a year to visit their relatives.

8—By inserting a sheet of transparent celluloid between two layers of plate glass.

9—The Republic of Panama, as provided in the Canal Zone grant.

10—According to customary nomenclature, the tortoise is the land variety; the turtle is the sea variety.

11—Incense.

12—Vice-President John Garner.

13—Lacrosse; first played by the Indians, and later modified by the French-Canadians.

14—From 6 P.M. to 8 P.M.

15—Abraham Lincoln.

16—Magenta; the color yielded by an analine dyestuff discovered by Sir W. H. Perkin in 1859—the year the French and Austrians fought at Magenta, Italy.

17—Vaughn de Leath.

18—After Charles I was beheaded in 1649.

19—Louisiana (sulphur is frequently called brimstone).

20—François Villon.

LIBERTY

is seeking

Short Short Stories

and is willing to pay up to

Five hundred dollars

apiece for those acceptable

". . . and you can start blessing mother again"

HERE's one little medicine-hater who is going to bed happy. She's just had her first taste of Fletcher's Castoria—and she loved it! Now mother is back in favor once more.

"Hurry up, Mom. We're waiting!"

Do you know that even the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children?

It's one laxative they take willingly. And it's very important that a child *should* take a laxative without a struggle. For the fear and resentment a child feels when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative often seriously upsets her nerves and her digestion.

"Didn't it taste good?"

But there's more to the laxative question than taste. Children's systems are sensitive, delicate. So Fletcher's Castoria is made just for children, of ingredients that are safe and suitable for a child.

It contains no narcotics. No harsh, purging drugs such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain . . . It will never, never cause griping pain. It will not form a habit. It is gentle, yet *thorough.*

Buy a bottle today. Depend on it always until your youngest child is 11 years old. Be thrifty—buy the family-size bottle. And look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Chas. H. Fletcher

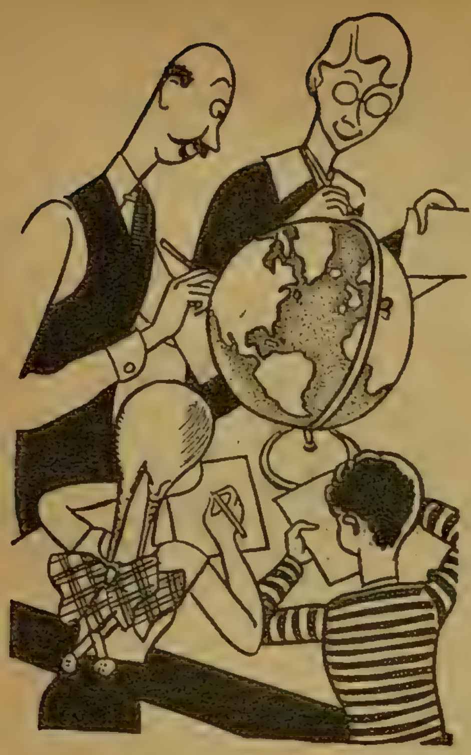
CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

YOU'VE STILL TIME TO WIN!

$1,000 JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY CASH PRIZE CONTEST



START AN ENTRY NOW!

EVEN though you missed the first three lists of jumbles in this absorbing geography game, that need not handicap you. You can start a winning entry direct from this page and then go back and make up lost ground easily and without penalty of any sort. Read the rules carefully. Then solve each of the geographical name jumbles listed in the coupon below. To show you just how to start toward a prize, the first of this week's jumbles is worked out for you in Rule 2. All of the names on this list were taken from a standard world atlas and you will require no other reference than this. If you do not have one, consult your local library or reading room. When the list is solved, file it conveniently. Then, if you have just entered the game this week, read the instruction paragraph at the left.

LATE ENTRY!

If you require Lists 1, 2, and 3 in order to bring your entry even with the field, request free reprints of this material, by mail, from the contest address in Rule 8. These gratis reprints will be sent to you without delay and when they arrive you can solve the lists and add them to your solution of this week's jumbles. Your set will then be up to date and you can keep even with the leaders in the game.

CLIP HERE

JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY SET NO. 4

Jumble	Solution	Description
1 PYGET		
2 RINOBAI		
3 OLIPIRT		
4 DAAWO		
5 AHASAR		
6 YASAN		
7 IBAZZEM		
8 REBYKEMIL		
9 AIREING		
10 UDLEBANACHAN		
11 YIBINASAS		
12 KUMPOWANDS		
13 OLDELLOLIVEP		
14 VITSONELGIN		
15 IKAYANAGNT		
16 TANNITONCES		
17 HISUMDOG		
18 FLONETIBONEM		
19 TAMHURK		
20 FAMIGENK		

CLIP HERE

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks Liberty will publish a list of twenty jumbled words which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form a geographical name. A different continent will be the basis for each of the five lists.

2. Opposite each of the jumbled words list your solution and tell whether it is a river, state, nation, mountain, lake, city, bay, desert, etc. For example, your solution for the first jumble this week might be PYGET, EGYPT, Country in North Africa.

3. In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

4. When you have solved all five lists of jumbled words write a brief statement telling, in not more than seventy-five words, which place involved in this contest you would most like to visit and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and described and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best.

6. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $500; second prize, $100; third prize, $50; ten prizes, each $5; 150 prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate awards will be made.

7. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

8. Send all entries by First Class Mail to Jumbled Geography Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Send nothing until your set of 100 names is complete.

9. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 29, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

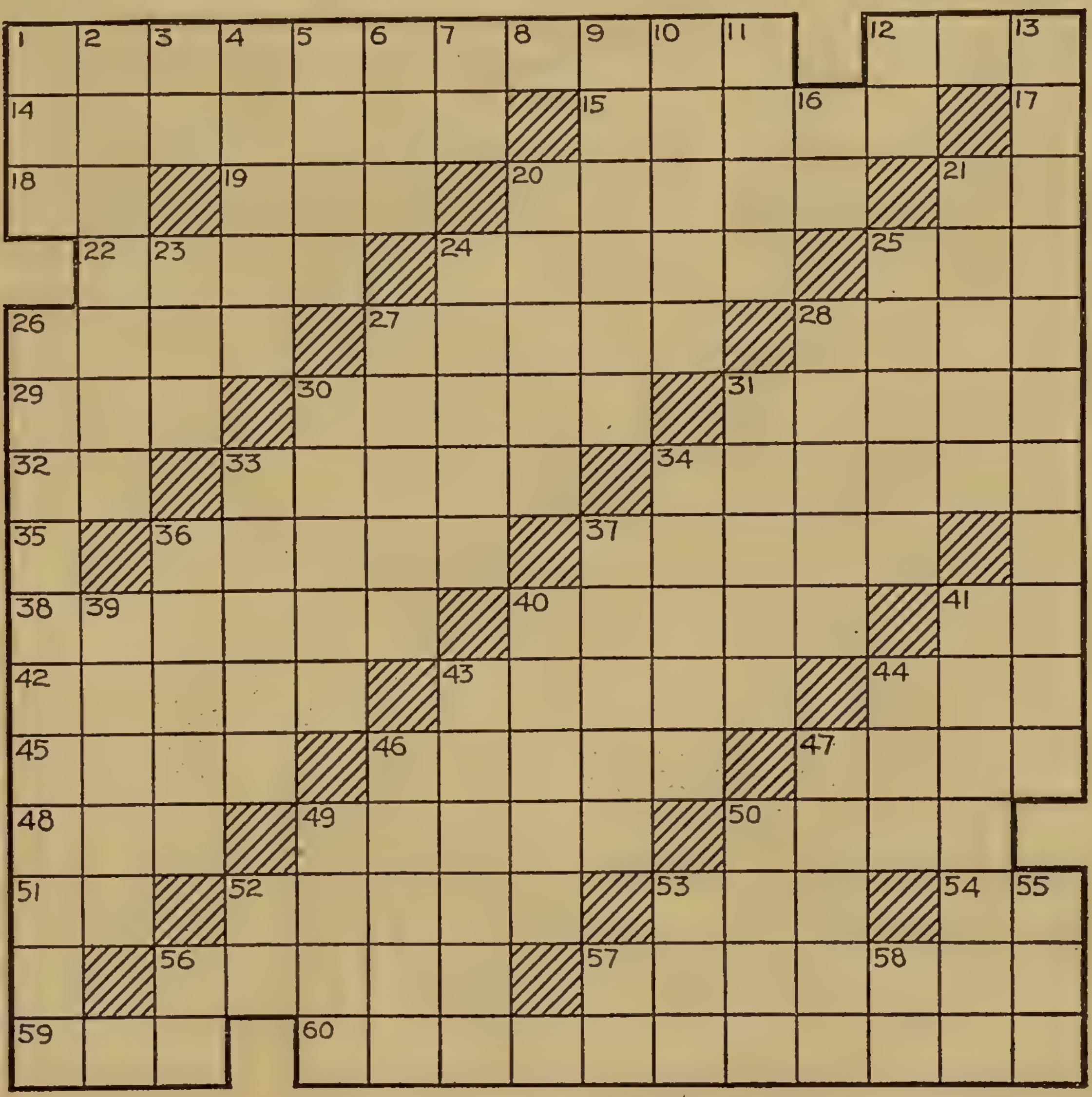
10. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

THE FINAL LIST OF JUMBLES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Puzzle #37 11/9/35

Cockeyed Cross Words

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Ogden Mills Bros.—are they elephant-minded!
12 Balaam's beast of burden
14 If you do this, the result is soda, bed
15 Night spots for wild life
17 Kind of trouble Mussolini suffers from
18 Cultured letters he got from a famous Butler
19 Tricky
20 Seems to me I've heard the name!
21 Woman's home companion
22 What great violinists put behind their bows
24 Became eligible to study cell life
25 This fits exactly around a girl's waist
26 Would you call a good-natured doctor the Prince of this?
27 They made the first down
28 Scuh-ram
29 Beautiful vivacious debutantes (abbr.)
30 All-day sucker
31 F. D. R. can see right through this
32 A hard man to get around (abbr.)
33 What Dutch Schultzes do when they make mistakes in their income-tax reports
34 This follows this at a big banquet
35 Both ends of Asia
36 Big tricky hands
37 What the hole where the tooth came from feels like
38 Anti-Kellys (they tire 'em out)
40 The first exciting thing about the quints
41 Tootsie Wootsies (abbr.)
42 The way they've been running in the Orient
43 Hotheaded ladies of the range
44 What Laval-headed people respect in Paris
45 Depression, usually put in bank rolls by females
46 All Europe's ready to fight for it

S	A	C	S		P	A	D	U	A		A	C	R	E
A	L	O	E		I	N	U	R	E		L	A	I	N
N	E	O	N		S	T	A	I	R		L	E	N	D
G	E	S	T	I	C	A	L	■	■	S	E	N	D	S
			I	R	E	S	■	P	R	I	G			
L	L	A	N	O	S	■	T	R	A	V	E	S	T	Y
E	A	T	E	N	■	M	I	O	G	A	■	T	O	E
V	I	O	L	■	B	O	N	D	E	■	B	A	B	A
E	R	N	■	S	I	N	G	S	■	S	O	L	A	R
E	S	E	P	T	A	T	E	■	S	T	R	E	S	S
			L	A	S	H	■	D	E	A	D			
M	O	R	A	Y	■	■	S	I	N	G	U	L	A	R
O	B	I	T		I	R	O	N	S		R	O	V	E
N	O	N	E		N	E	I	G	E		E	G	O	S
A	L	E	S		D	E	L	O	S		D	E	N	T

Answer to last week's puzzle

47 Pay no attention—it's a plant, folks
48 Squashed-up representative
49 This should make the loudest clothes in the world
50 This soaks the rich
51 A backward seaman (abbr.)
52 Put in a plug for
53 A Garbo stilt
54 A stickup along the highway
56 Burlesque in a plug hat
57 According to Hilaire Belloc, she told such awful lies it made one gasp and stretch one's eyes
59 Sali's hangout
60 Banjo wise guy (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Pick up things in a quiet way
2 The kind of answer that keeps a girl's beaus hanging around
3 This begins penal servitude and ends escape
4 This was a bear for the Roman gals
5 This begins and ends fighting (I know a famous one that's pretty cracked)
6 What old hens do in the coop
7 Charmed life
8 This follows "Abie"
9 Nert
10 Old-time remedies for barber's itch
11 Well known plot
12 Like (but not love)
13 You can never get him to tear himself away from his brother (two words)
16 Back at Harvard this fall (abbr.)
20 Kind of jokes you get on radio programs
21 A yellow thing that spreads the dirt
23 Wine is good this way, but not eggs
24 The fellows who put the holes in cheese
25 The signal to wake up and go back to sleep
26 One of the most charming expressions in the world
27 They're not what they seem
28 "All blue!"
30 Usually found operating ancient Lizzies
31 Nanny and Billy—this one has whiskers on it (plural)
33 The tops
34 Someding Hidler cannot dake
36 To switch the iron horses around
37 "In this dance she shakes like jelly on a plate"
39 You might call this the Greek's last letter
40 Drunk at night, crusty in the morning
41 A zephyr that's been fed raw meat
43 Laid off
44 Good noose for Honolulu
46 High-steppin'
47 What a Twist to his life!
49 Old and new haven
50 Well known pro
52 ——! (And it was)
53 The St. Marie where ze weend she blow lak ze vary blazes
55 These belles ring out for patriotism (abbr.)
56 After its last election they may call it Republican Island (abbr.)
57 You to yourself
58 Looey (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

JUNGLE MADNESS FOR CULTURED LIPS

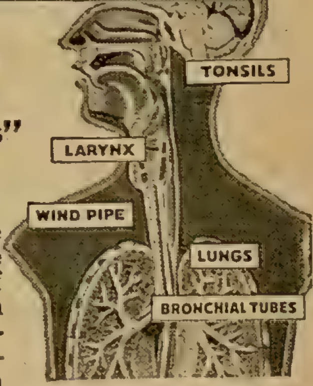
Wicked NEW shade!
JUNGLE
A brilliant, vivid brighter red

Here's a freshly different, more alluring lipstick shade that brings to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night—the new *Jungle* shade of SAVAGE Lipstick! It's a brilliant, vivid, *brighter* red—the most exotic color ever put into lipstick—and a truly adventurous hue! And is *Jungle* indelible? So much so that its intense color becomes an actual part of *you* . . . clinging to your lips . . . all day . . . or, all night . . . *savagely!* There are four other SAVAGE Lipstick shades: *Tangerine* (Orangish) . . . *Flame* (Fiery) . . . *Natural* (Blood Red) . . . *Blush* (Changeable). 20c at all 10c stores.

SAVAGE

Stop COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

Getting throat's moisture glands to work "soothes" coughs away



THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and windpipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Get after that cough today—with Pertussin. *Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year,* according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name________________

Address LM-11-9

Vox Pop

OLD MOTHER NATURE ASSERTS HERSELF

Vallejo, Calif.—With women all over the civilized world practicing birth control for the last few years, Mother Nature again asserts herself. In spite of birth control, hell and high water, women are having babies. Twins, triplets, and quadruplets are on the increase—in fact, so much so that they cease to be a novelty.

Old Mother Nature just asserting herself again—so there will be no marked decrease in the human race.—*Phyllis Speer Heley.*

"LIKE ITS LEANING TOWER"

Akron, Ohio—Ethiopia can't lose. Italy, behind Mussolini, cannot win. Like its leaning tower, Italy is leaning—only with this difference: there is no further support.

The supporting structure of Italy's forces is but a flimsy strand upon which Mussolini hangs with a desperation unequaled.

Here an arrant hypocrite stands to fall harder than any lurid personage since the days of Caesar. A mighty barbarian wishing to " civilize " those who have more civilization in the callous soles of their feet than he has in his entire make-up!—*John Lewis.*

CUT AN HOUR TO 45 MINUTES

Spokane, Wash.—I have a simple sure-fire cure for the depression that the brain-trusters and chain-letter fans seem to have overlooked.

Why not cut the minutes in an hour to forty-five? That would necessitate making over all the clocks and watches in the country; which, with the shorter working hour, would stimulate industry until the Townsend plan got into full swing.

If this failed to bridge the gap, every man could have his right arm amputated at the elbow.

That alone would " slow up production " until the price of bacon reached at least a dollar a pound!—*W. N. Skinner.*

FEDERAL AID FOR THE BLIND

San Jose, Calif.—I am writing in behalf of a very much handicapped portion of our people who are not getting the breaks they should get. They are our blind and defective-sighted.

You probably are aware of the fact that the United States is more negligent in its care of and in training the blind than any other country—unless it would be China, India, and African countries. Norway, Denmark, and England are the best. It almost seems that our schools and various institutions are operated more for the good of the operators than for the students or inmates.

Why not a National Standard of Schools, with federal aid to the states that adopt the National Standard? Let the federal government construct four or five shops for the blind to manufacture brooms, brushes, mattresses, and other articles that the blind could make.

Our President promised us in his campaign he would see that we got a new deal. He never has gotten to it yet. I believe if the matter was properly submitted to him we'd get some consideration.—*B. O. Smallwood.*

FIVE TO ONE FAVOR SHANE

Portsmouth, Va.—I note that some criticism has been directed toward Ted Shane. I get a real kick out of him.

Ted Shane is to the cross-word fan what Ely Culbertson is to the card-player. Catch their line of thought and the problem becomes simple.—*B. L. Seay.*

Calgary, Alta.—I consider the Cockeyed Cross Words absolutely without meaning to the person of ordinary intelligence. A person would have to be either of abnormal or subnormal intelect to solve them.—*Irene Smith.*

Westfield, N. Y.—What with eighty-five years of age and a trifle of deafness to handicap me in keeping up with my grandchildren's generation, I resent any suggestion of eliminating Ted Shane, whose Cockeyed Cross Words are my principal help in keeping abreast of what the rising generation is talking about. Run Ted Shane every week and I'll give up flyin' and stick to my cross words and knittin'.—*Jennie Allan Vail.*

Edon, Ohio—I am a lover of good cross-word puzzles, and want to hang some black crape on Ted Shane's front door. Anybody else want to help?

Why spoil even one page every other week in Liberty, the best magazine on earth?—*Zula Zong F. Fetters.*

[In this voting for and against Ted Shane and his Cockeyed Cross Words, there were five to one in the scores of letters received in favor of keeping him in the magazine.—Editor Vox Pop.]

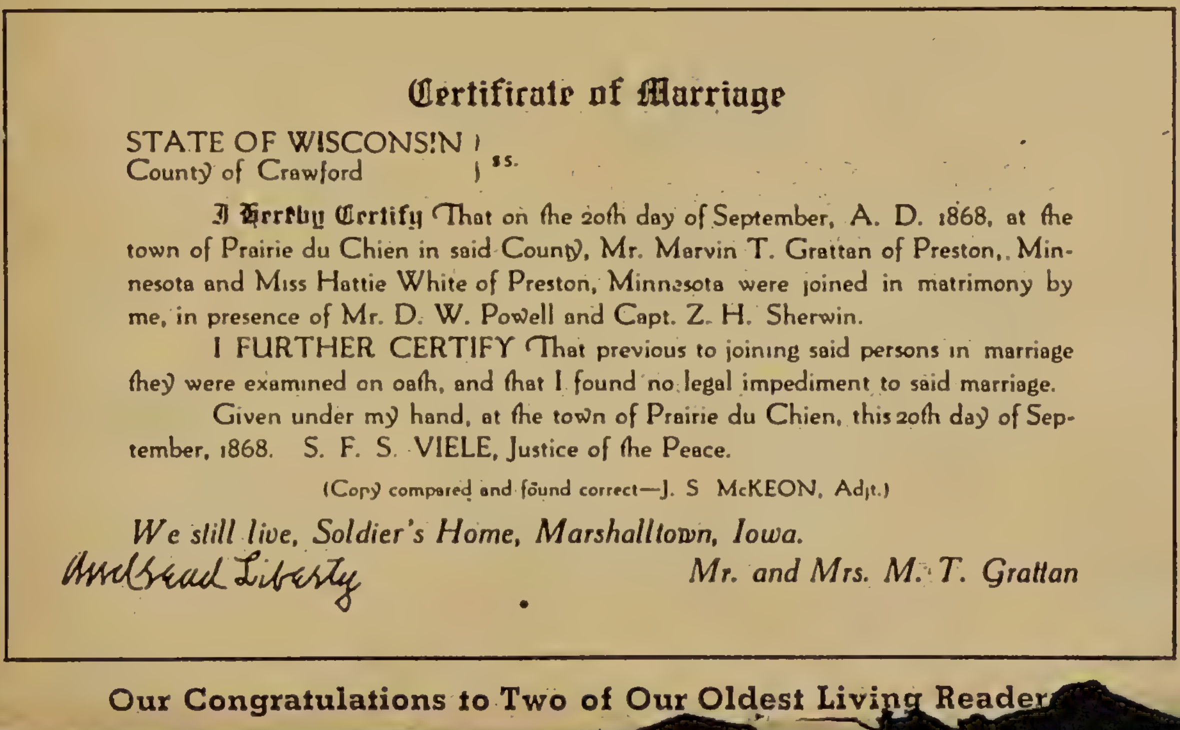
LOUD-SPEAKERS 3,000 YEARS AGO

Vancouver, B. C.—Ray Cummings in September 28 Liberty says: " Am I fantastic? In New York City, now, in 1935, loud-speakers have been developed capable of hurling ' solid sound ' in a directional beam, which if turned loose at full power would bring the laboratory walls crashing down. That's not even tomorrow. It's now! "

According to the sixth chapter of the Book of Joshua, the Israelites used loud-speakers to hurl " solid sound " in a directional beam over 3,000 years ago. I ain't joshin', nuther.—*Cyril McEvoy.*

BUT COULD YOU HEAR F. D. R.?

San Diego, Calif.—J. E. Crowley forgot the most important part of the program (September 21 Vox Pop): A special request, by the people of the United States, for America, to be sung by President Roosevelt, accompanied by the combined Army, Navy, and Marine Bands.—*Bill B*



Certificate of Marriage

STATE OF WISCONSIN }
County of Crawford } ss.

I Hereby Certify That on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1868, at the town of Prairie du Chien in said County, Mr. Marvin T. Grattan of Preston, Minnesota and Miss Hattie White of Preston, Minnesota were joined in matrimony by me, in presence of Mr. D. W. Powell and Capt. Z. H. Sherwin.

I FURTHER CERTIFY That previous to joining said persons in marriage they were examined on oath, and that I found no legal impediment to said marriage.

Given under my hand, at the town of Prairie du Chien, this 20th day of September, 1868. S. F. S. VIELE, Justice of the Peace.

(Copy compared and found correct—J. S McKEON, Adjt.)

We still live, Soldier's Home, Marshalltown, Iowa.

And read Liberty

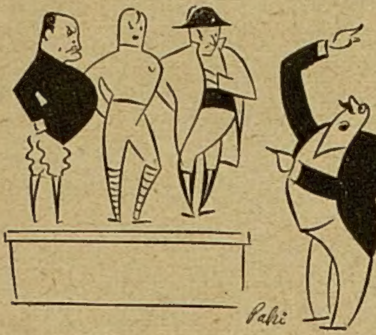
Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Grattan

Our Congratulations to Two of Our Oldest Living Reader

DIG UP A GOOD CORPORAL

Springfield, Ill.—Hitler was a corporal in the Austrian army. Mussolini was a corporal. Napoleon was the Little Corporal.

Now the G. O. P. is having such a hard time finding Presidential material—why not go through our war records, dig up a good corporal, and lend him to the Republicans for 1936?—*Marion Finley.*



FERA . . . MANY HOURS MORE

Danville, Va.—When the New Deal changes to a Raw Deal, people who like a square deal should talk a great deal.

I don't think FERA headquarters should fix a schedule of weekly hours and wages that are short and high, then allow local administrators to work white-collar workers and foremen many hours more per week than they can show on pay rolls.—*Bill Smith.*

GO INTO ANOTHER FOREIGN WAR?

Bellevue, Neb.—Are we to go into another foreign war just to please those who are careless about where they invest their millions? Will we be foolish enough to believe all the silly propaganda published in various newspapers and magazines, and again go out and fight to make the world " safe for unlimited and unethical business " ?

If we read the signs right, some of us have learned a lesson from the last war we so generously and carelessly took part in! Others who think it glorious to die for the protection of big business will no doubt change their minds soon enough when the war clouds arise on the horizon.—*Harry J. Frazier.*

JOHN ERSKINE AND MASTER VILLON

Chicago, Ill.—Master Villon Dines Out (Liberty, June 15) and Master Villon Lies (Liberty, September 28), owing to the similarity of scenario, succeeded in generating quite a kick. It was at first believed that John Erskine had turned plagiarist an [illegible] was hours before it [illegible] out to

However, there was no harm done. Erskine obviously improved a good story on the second writing. Readers will no doubt readily forgive any mental bamboozlement incurred in the perusal of these literary Siamese twins.

The mental reaction was quite out of the ordinary and proved very puzzling until satisfactorily solved.—*Charles F. Wilson.*

"GOVERNMENT IS CHOKING US TO DEATH WITH TAXES"

Tucson, Ariz.—At last the word has been spoken and the nation's attention called to the most serious condition confronting America today. I refer to Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in September 28 Liberty, The Government Is Choking Us to Death with Taxes.

Personally, I have wondered in these past months how much more would the American people stand for, how much longer will we be pillaged and plundered for the benefit of the rottenest political spectacle ever staged on the face of the earth.

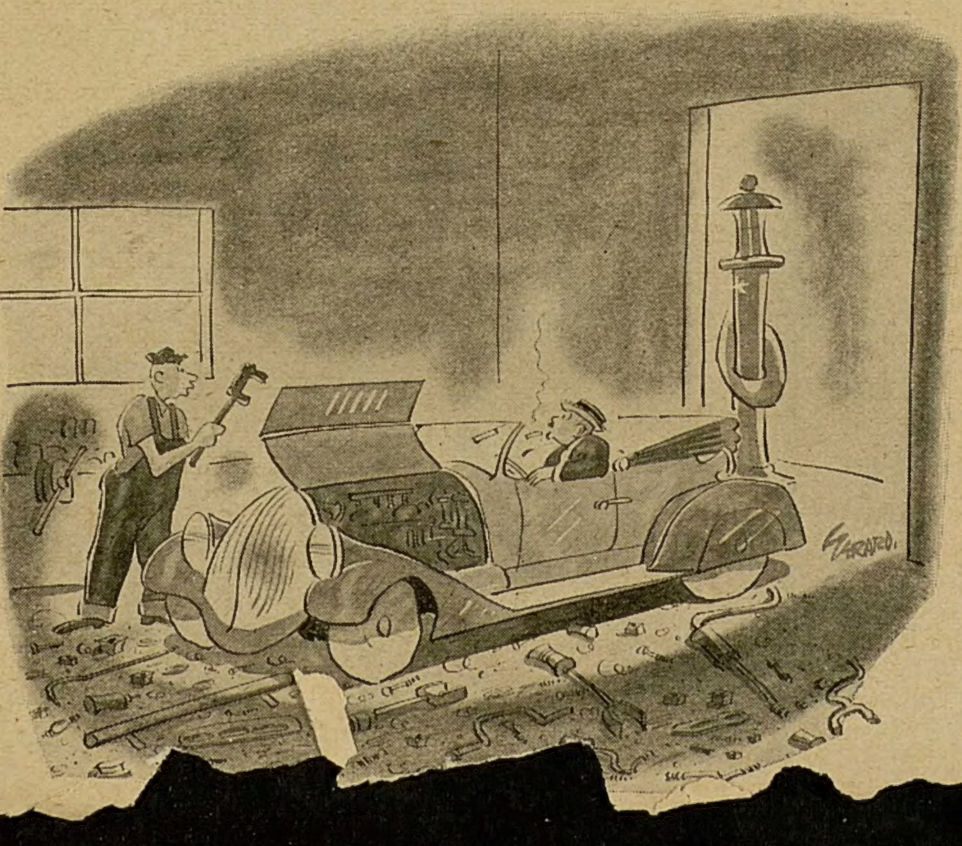
It is to be hoped that Mr. Macfadden will continue to hammer these truths home until concerted action is taken.—*M. Burgess.*

Columbus, Ohio—I have just finished the editorial, The Government Is Choking Us to Death with Taxes. I fully agree with all it says.

But why doesn't Mr. Macfadden follow up his editorial in Liberty of October 29, 1932, entitled Remove All Taxes from Capital and Labor?

Henry George told us more than fifty years ago how to rid ourselves of " the frightful burden." He has never been answered.

It seems to me—and it must seem to many others—that Bernarr Macfadden, with his capability and vast publishing power, is the man of the hour to answer him and bring order out of this taxation chaos.—*J. H. Kauffman.*

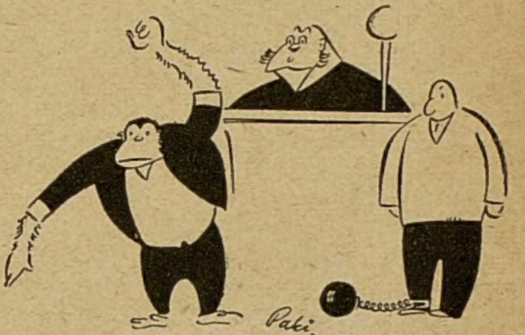


MORE LOW-DOWN ON SCOPES TRIAL

San Marcos, Tex.—I have just read with interest the article in September 28 Liberty, by Charles Francis Potter, giving the low-down on the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee. However, Mr. Potter is all wet.

The Evolution Law was not passed as a religious issue. It was for the protection of the monkey. Certain influential members of the Chimpanzee, Gorilla, and Orangutan tribes objected to being called relatives of the natives of Tennessee, so the relationship was officially denied by special statute. At least, that is the dope I got on the question ten years ago, and I was born and reared in Tennessee and was living in the state at the time of the Scopes trial.

I recall calling our state senator's attention to the fact that the monkeys at the Nashville Zoo looked like they had a lot more self-respect after the relationship was officially denied. The senator was a deacon in the Baptist Church and had played a prominent part in the passing of the law. I liked to relate this experience because I had better use of my feet than the honorable senator!—*One Who Believes in Rights for Monkeys.*



READ THE NEWS IN LIBERTY BEFORE IT HAPPENS

New York, N. Y.—Once more Liberty gets ahead of the newspapers, with their eyes and ears everywhere, in the October 5 issue, which carried the Edward J. Reilly story, Will Lindbergh Save Hauptmann?

Twelve days after that article appeared the dailies emoted with the " hot " news that Bruno Hauptmann had made an earnest request that Lindy visit him in his cell in Trenton, New Jersey; that he wanted to talk with him alone; and that he knew he could " prove to him that I did not commit this horrible crime. . . . I want to talk to Colonel Lindbergh *alone.*"

Whatever comes of it, at least your magazine was first to break the news to the world.

And speaking of news, when a weekly beats a daily to the wire, with a time handicap of several weeks to get on the newsstands, *at's*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

TORONTO, ONT.— The thrift movement has become so intensified in Canada that two persons are using the same set of false teeth.

Controller Sam McBride described to the City Council how he had been visited at his office by a woman who explained her husband had been unable to accompany her because she was wearing his "store" teeth.

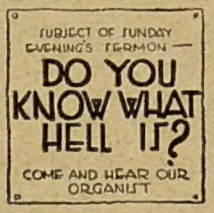
"You see, we take turns in wearing them," she said. "When he wants to go out he takes the teeth along; when I go out I wait until he returns so I can wear them."

CHICAGO, ILL.— When burglars broke into the house of Herbert Cook, ransacked it, and found no money, they were annoyed.

They wrote Mr. Cook a letter.

"Dear Customer," it started: "Why don't people leave money in the house? We took your watch. If you want it very bad advertise in the Lost and Found column. Next time leave money."

PUEBLO, COLO.--Citizens of Pueblo were amused when they saw this sign in front of a local church. It read: "Subject of Sunday evening's sermon—Do You Know What Hell Is?" Beneath it in small letters was printed: "Come and hear our organist."


SUBJECT OF SUNDAY EVENING'S SERMON —
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HELL IS?
COME AND HEAR OUR ORGANIST

•

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Save the pennies and the New

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NEXT WEEK!

FIRST EXCITING EPISODES OF THE GREATEST STORY SCOOP YOU MAY EVER READ! WHAT GREAT MAN PLOTTED THIS ABSORBING MYSTERY? WHAT HALF DOZEN FAMOUS WRITERS CONSPIRED IN ITS DEVELOPMENT TO CHALLENGE YOUR REASONING? NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY BREAKS THE SENSATIONAL NEWS AND BEGINS THE STORY!

•

BENNY FRIEDMAN

FAMOUS AS A PLAYER AND HEAD COACH OF THE CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK SQUAD, DISCUSSES THE SCORING PUNCH, REVEALING THRILLING EXAMPLES FROM HIS OWN GRIDIRON DAYS.

•

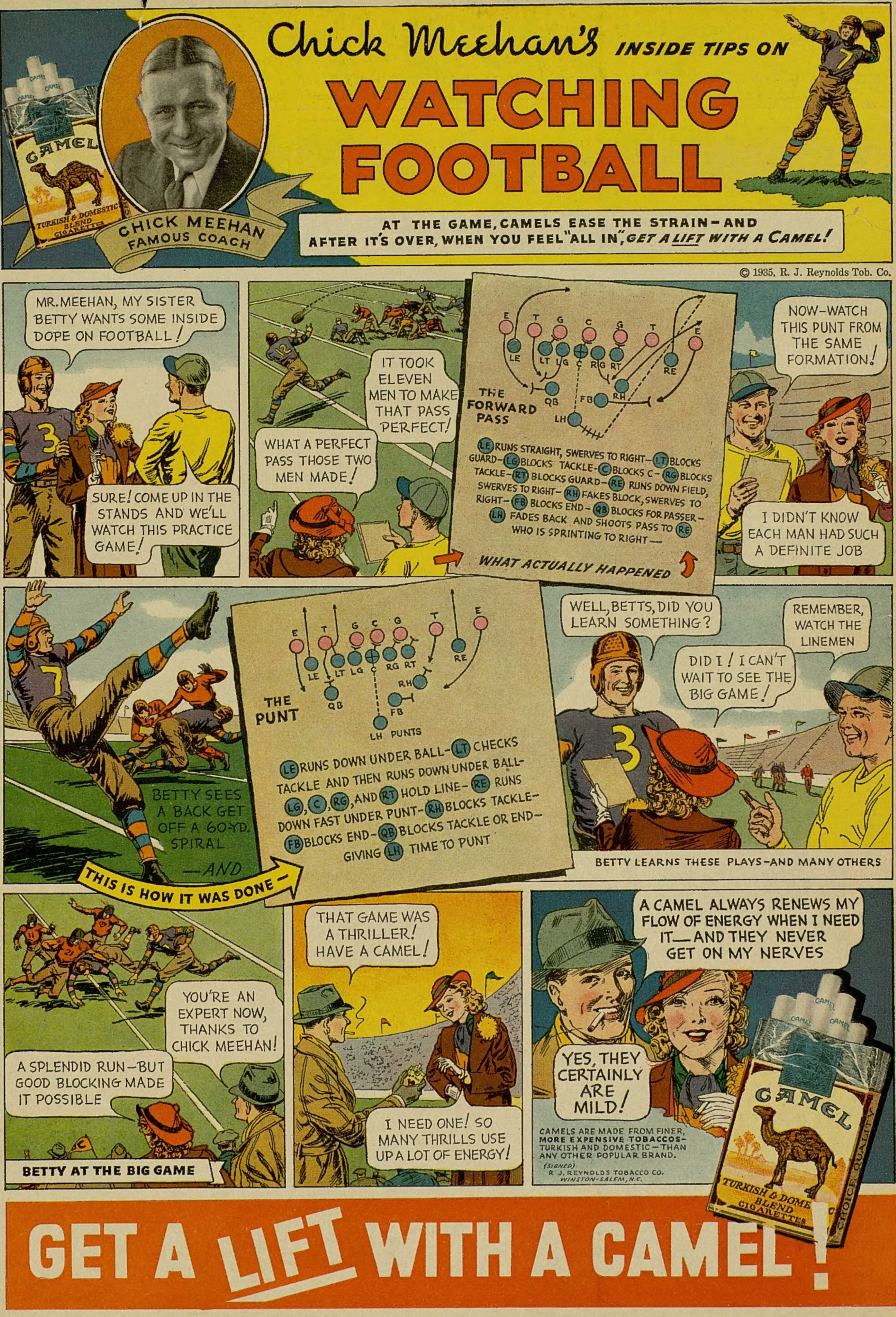
ELSIE ROBINSON

ASKS "CAN A MOTHER BE HER DAUGHTER'S BEST FRIEND IN 1935?" WHILE A MEMBER OF LIBERTY'S STAFF OFFERS SOME CONTROVERSIAL COMMENT. YOU CAN'T HELP AGREEING WITH ONE OR THE OTHER. READ AND DECIDE.

•

ALSO LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT, MOVIE REVIEWS, PRINCESS KROPOTKIN, CROSS WORDS, FASHIONS, BOOKS, ARTICLES COMBINE TO MAKE THIS ANOTHER GREAT ISSUE THAT WILL DELIGHT YOU FROM COVER TO COVER. BE SURE YOU GET YOUR COPY.

DON'T MISS **Liberty** NEXT WEEK


Chick Meehan's INSIDE TIPS ON
WATCHING FOOTBALL
CHICK MEEHAN FAMOUS COACH
AT THE GAME, CAMELS EASE THE STRAIN—AND AFTER IT'S OVER, WHEN YOU FEEL "ALL IN", GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!
MR. MEEHAN, MY SISTER BETTY WANTS SOME INSIDE DOPE ON FOOTBALL!
SURE! COME UP IN THE STANDS AND WE'LL WATCH THIS PRACTICE GAME!
WHAT A PERFECT PASS THOSE TWO MEN MADE!
IT TOOK ELEVEN MEN TO MAKE THAT PASS PERFECT!
THE FORWARD PASS
E T G C G T E
LE LT LG C RG RT RE
QB FB RH LH
NOW—WATCH THIS PUNT FROM THE SAME FORMATION!
I DIDN'T KNOW EACH MAN HAD SUCH A DEFINITE JOB
BETTY SEES A BACK GET OFF A 60-YD. SPIRAL —AND
THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE—
THE PUNT
E T G C G T E
LE LT LG C RG RT RE
QB RH FB
LH PUNTS
WELL, BETTS, DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING?
DID I! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE BIG GAME!
REMEMBER, WATCH THE LINEMEN
BETTY LEARNS THESE PLAYS—AND MANY OTHERS
BETTY AT THE BIG GAME
A SPLENDID RUN—BUT GOOD BLOCKING MADE IT POSSIBLE
YOU'RE AN EXPERT NOW, THANKS TO CHICK MEEHAN!
THAT GAME WAS A THRILLER! HAVE A CAMEL!
I NEED ONE! SO MANY THRILLS USE UP A LOT OF ENERGY!
A CAMEL ALWAYS RENEWS MY FLOW OF ENERGY WHEN I NEED IT—AND THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES
YES, THEY CERTAINLY ARE MILD!
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

LE RUNS STRAIGHT, SWERVES TO RIGHT—LT BLOCKS GUARD—LG BLOCKS TACKLE—C BLOCKS C—RG BLOCKS TACKLE—RT BLOCKS GUARD—RE RUNS DOWN FIELD, SWERVES TO RIGHT—RH FAKES BLOCK, SWERVES TO RIGHT—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS FOR PASSER—LH FADES BACK AND SHOOTS PASS TO RE WHO IS SPRINTING TO RIGHT—

WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED

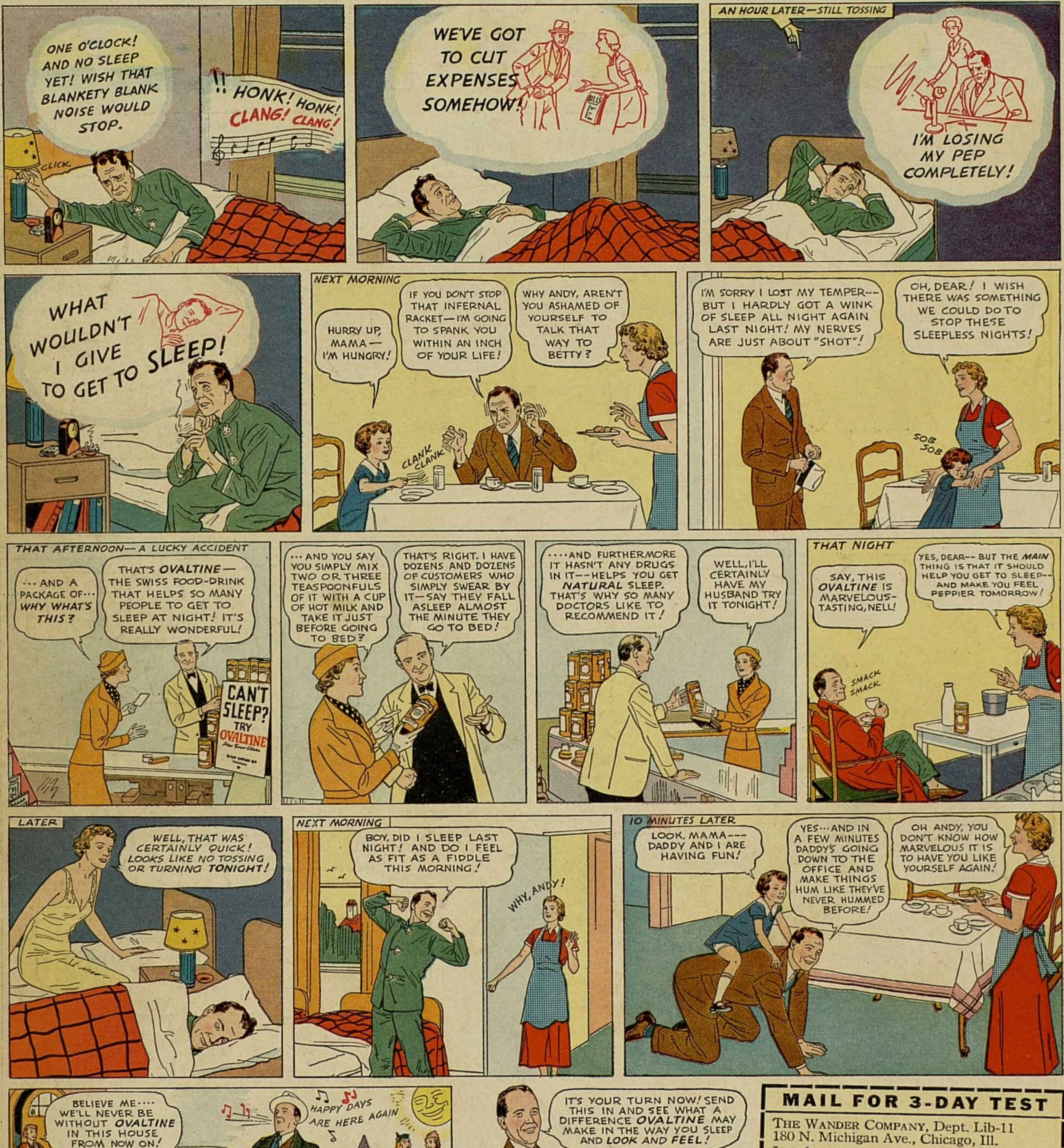
LE RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LT CHECKS TACKLE AND THEN RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LG, C, RG, AND RT HOLD LINE—RE RUNS DOWN FAST UNDER PUNT—RH BLOCKS TACKLE—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS TACKLE OR END—GIVING LH TIME TO PUNT

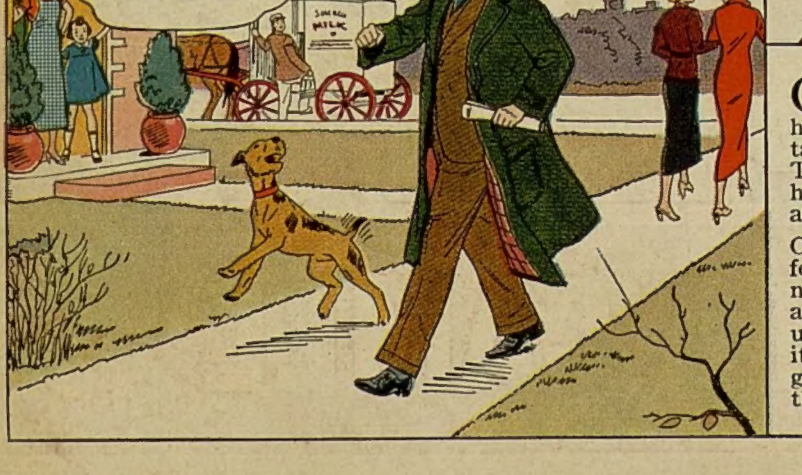
CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

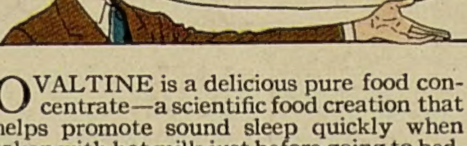
(SIGNED)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

ANDY ADVERSE

AND HOW HE GOT A "NEW LEASE ON LIFE!"


ONE O'CLOCK! AND NO SLEEP YET! WISH THAT BLANKETY BLANK NOISE WOULD STOP.
CLICK
!! HONK! HONK! CLANG! CLANG!
WE'VE GOT TO CUT EXPENSES SOMEHOW!
BILLS
AN HOUR LATER—STILL TOSSING
I'M LOSING MY PEP COMPLETELY!
WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE TO GET TO SLEEP!
NEXT MORNING
HURRY UP, MAMA—I'M HUNGRY!
IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT INFERNAL RACKET—I'M GOING TO SPANK YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!
WHY ANDY, AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF TO TALK THAT WAY TO BETTY?
CLANK CLANK
I'M SORRY I LOST MY TEMPER—BUT I HARDLY GOT A WINK OF SLEEP ALL NIGHT AGAIN LAST NIGHT! MY NERVES ARE JUST ABOUT "SHOT"!
OH, DEAR! I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING WE COULD DO TO STOP THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS!
SOB SOB
THAT AFTERNOON—A LUCKY ACCIDENT
...AND A PACKAGE OF... WHY WHAT'S THIS?
THAT'S OVALTINE—THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK THAT HELPS SO MANY PEOPLE TO GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT! IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL!
CAN'T SLEEP? TRY OVALTINE
...AND YOU SAY YOU SIMPLY MIX TWO OR THREE TEASPOONFULS OF IT WITH A CUP OF HOT MILK AND TAKE IT JUST BEFORE GOING TO BED?
THAT'S RIGHT. I HAVE DOZENS AND DOZENS OF CUSTOMERS WHO SIMPLY SWEAR BY IT—SAY THEY FALL ASLEEP ALMOST THE MINUTE THEY GO TO BED!
....AND FURTHERMORE IT HASN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT—HELPS YOU GET NATURAL SLEEP. THAT'S WHY SO MANY DOCTORS LIKE TO RECOMMEND IT!
WELL, I'LL CERTAINLY HAVE MY HUSBAND TRY IT TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT
SAY, THIS OVALTINE IS MARVELOUS-TASTING, NELL!
YES, DEAR—BUT THE MAIN THING IS THAT IT SHOULD HELP YOU GET TO SLEEP—AND MAKE YOU FEEL PEPPIER TOMORROW!
SMACK SMACK
LATER
WELL, THAT WAS CERTAINLY QUICK! LOOKS LIKE NO TOSSING OR TURNING TONIGHT!
NEXT MORNING
BOY, DID I SLEEP LAST NIGHT! AND DO I FEEL AS FIT AS A FIDDLE THIS MORNING!
WHY, ANDY!
10 MINUTES LATER
LOOK, MAMA—DADDY AND I ARE HAVING FUN!
YES...AND IN A FEW MINUTES DADDY'S GOING DOWN TO THE OFFICE AND MAKE THINGS HUM LIKE THEY'VE NEVER HUMMED BEFORE!
OH ANDY, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MARVELOUS IT IS TO HAVE YOU LIKE YOURSELF AGAIN!


BELIEVE ME.... WE'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT OVALTINE IN THIS HOUSE FROM NOW ON!
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
MILK


IT'S YOUR TURN NOW! SEND THIS IN AND SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE OVALTINE MAY MAKE IN THE WAY YOU SLEEP AND LOOK AND FEEL!

OVALTINE is a delicious pure food concentrate—a scientific food creation that helps promote sound sleep quickly when taken with hot milk just before going to bed. Thousands of delighted users report that it has brought them new strength and energy, as well as steadier nerves next day.

Ovaltine is also advised as a strengthening food for under-developed children—and for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged—thousands of physicians approve its use. . . . See for yourself how remarkable it is. Get a can of Ovaltine at any drug, grocery or department store today. Or mail the coupon for a liberal trial supply.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY TEST

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. Lib-11
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine. (*One package to a person.*)

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

(*This offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in the U.S.A.

LOOK FOR NEW LOW PRICES

AT DRUG, GROCERY AND DEPARTMENT STORES